

050  
C847

UNIV. OF MICHIGAN,

NOV 6 1912

# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 724.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19th, 1912.

PRICE SIXPENCE, BY POST, 6d.  
REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.



MME. LALLIE CHARLES.

LADY LETTICE CHOLMONDELEY.

39a, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.



THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<i>Our Portrait Illustration : Lady Lettice Cholmondeley</i> . . . . .	701, 702
<i>The Modern Man's Dress</i> . . . . .	702
<i>Country Notes</i> . . . . .	703
<i>Rat Fleas, by A. E. Shipley, F.R.S. (Illustrated)</i> . . . . .	705
<i>The Land of the Marabout. (Illustrated)</i> . . . . .	707
<i>Law and the Land</i> . . . . .	710
<i>Tales of Country Life : The Three Adventurers, by Lady Margaret Sackville</i> . . . . .	711
<i>Wild Country Life, by Seton Gordon</i> . . . . .	712
<i>In the Garden. (Illustrated)</i> . . . . .	713
<i>The Craft and Mystery of Twining</i> . . . . .	714
<i>The Kite, by W. R. Ogilvie-Grant. (Illustrated)</i> . . . . .	715
<i>Country Home : Mather's Palace</i> . . . . .	718
<i>The Old Stones, by Eden Phillpotts</i> . . . . .	725
<i>Longhorn Cattle. (Illustrated)</i> . . . . .	727
<i>Agricultural Notes</i> . . . . .	729
<i>Literature</i> . . . . .	730
<i>On the Green. (Illustrated)</i> . . . . .	732
<i>Correspondence</i> . . . . .	734
<i>Lymne Castle (F. W. Cope, F.S.A.) ; The Price of Golf Balls ; Damage by Geese ; Spring-traps ; To Lovers of the Ballad "The Babes in the Wood" (Rev. Charles Kent) ; Irish Penal Crosses (Lewy P. Gleeson) ; The Nomenclature of Rats (Douglas English) ; How Can Rats be Exterminated ? (F. W. Webb) ; Three Calves at a Birth ; The Old and the New (H. Aray Tipping) ; The Larder at Coldicote ; Canadian Salmon Jumping ; "A Little Jersey Folk-lore" (Thomas Ratcliffe).</i>	

## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

## THE MODERN . . . MAN'S DRESS.

OME days ago a correspondent wrote to a contemporary bewailing the vast change that had come over the dress of the modern man. He had been to the Park, to dinner-parties, to the theatres, and other haunts of the man of fashion, and found that a great change had taken place. We ought to explain that he had been absent from England and returned to it after a period of years. We are sure that everybody will agree as to the alterations being made, even though they are not much in sympathy with the tone of complaint in the communication referred to. What are the articles of dress that have been discarded or revolutionised ? There is, first, the tall hat which irreverent youth knows by the name of the stove pipe. The correspondent must be a very old man if he remembers a time when there were not many mutterings of rebellion against this headgear. Its advocates, to be sure, contended that, in spite of its appearance, it was comfortable ; but the answer was that the skill of the hatter had prevailed over the ugliness and discomfort suggested by the shape. The readiness with which it was laid aside when encouragement to do so was given in high quarters showed that at the best there had existed only a lukewarm zeal for the high hat. It was replaced by the bowler ; but this contrivance of stiff felt is not considered as comfortable as it might be, and at the present moment the ingenuity of the hatter is directed towards producing a luxurious cap that may be used instead of a hat. For, as the hat has come down in popular esteem, the cap has gone up. We remember when it was considered wear only for a working man, and it was difficult to obtain one that cost more than eighteenpence or half-a-crown at the outside. But the zeal and ingenuity of the hatter have changed all this, and now, at any of the West End shops, expensive and, we must add, comfortable caps are on sale. It is evident, therefore, that the masculine mind has in the matter of headgear steadily pursued the ideal of comfort

as opposed to the feminine mind, which, regardless of comfort, has expressed all its extravagance in hats that seem continually widening their area. Next in the category of the well-dressed man stood the frock coat, the tall hat and frock coat being, so to speak, wedded together for certain functions and appearances. A few years ago it was considered an atrocity for a man to appear in a frock coat and a low hat ; and, indeed, it was an atrocity. But the man with the low hat got rid of it by changing his frock coat into a short jacket. There are thousands of men in the London of to-day who go about shamelessly in this attire of a short coat and low hat who a matter of ten or fifteen years ago would have blushed to have been seen in the street without the stove-pipe and frock coat.

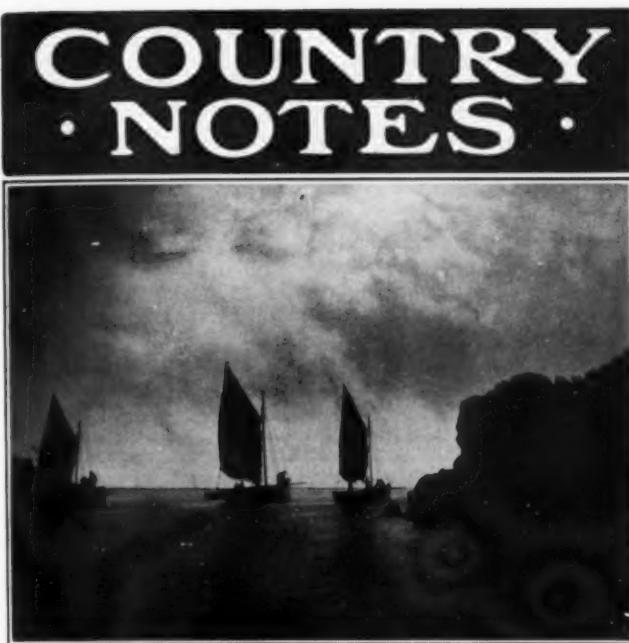
Still more shocking to the dandy of the old school is the revolution in shirts that has been accomplished. Thirty or forty years ago there was nothing a well-dressed man prided himself more on than the scrupulous cleanliness of his linen, and in order to maintain that pure white colour he did not mind changing his underwear two or three times during the day, to say nothing of that final change which was made for dinner in the evening. But to-day the starched linen shirt seems to have fallen on evil times. Very few people wear it if they can avoid doing so, and every day the number is increasing of those who have substituted for it an unstarched, soft, coloured shirt. It would hardly be true to say that this alteration is a return to simplicity, as shirt-makers have vied with one another in the endeavour to produce a soft coloured shirt that combines beauty with a luxurious comfort which the white starched shirt could not possibly yield.

To some extent, perhaps, golf is responsible for these changes. At any rate, practice at the game familiarised many who previously had been wedded to the white shirt with the increased comfort that could be obtained from a coloured one, and though for a time the latter article was rigorously kept for the course or the playing-field, it has with insidious treachery undermined the position of its linen predecessor ; nor is there any chance, as far as can be seen, of the modern man returning to the more formal wear of his early days. He has come to see that he can be happier by laying aside those articles which used to be conventionally prescribed. The critic to whom allusion has been made is, perhaps, most severe when he comes to deal with that supreme test of the well-dressed man—his appearance in the evening. He seems to think that whatever eccentricities might be indulged in when a man was in the company of his own sex only would be laid aside when he joined the ladies. It is almost pathetic to read his description of the modern man in evening clothes. "Turn-down collars, with black ties and even coloured waistcoats were to be seen." This even coloured waistcoats is written in the very eloquence of horror, but it only prepares for something worse to follow. "I noticed," goes on the writer, "one individual wearing black boots with brown uppers." Here he seems to have become speechless, although he subsequently revived sufficiently to lay down the law with a kind of magisterial scorn. "One would have thought it quite unnecessary," he says, "to point out that evening dress consists of a swallow-tailed coat, white or black waistcoat, trousers of the same material as the coat, a white tie, white kid gloves and patent-leather Oxford shoes." It reads as if he believed there was a law of the Medes and Persians ordaining that masculine members of the human race, as long as rivers fall and wind blows, to use an old expression, should in the evening don a swallow-tailed coat. He evidently thinks that to go into polite society without this garment is sufficient to cause a confusion of Nature ; yet, all unconsciously, he supplies the key to his own riddle when he admits that the evening jacket is comfortable. Comfort cannot exist side by side with worry, and the end and ideal of the dress of to-day is that it should be comfortable. If the critic compared the elaborate bowings and ceremonials of even thirty years ago with the easy salute, or want of salute, that is considered sufficient to-day, he would find more food for reflection and more changes that had been accomplished in identically the same spirit.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

THE frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Lettice Cholmondeley, only daughter of the Marquess of Cholmondeley, who held the office of Lord Great Chamberlain during the reign of King Edward VII.

\*\* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



**L**ORD ROSEBURY, the golden mouthed, gave some excellent advice to the members of the Liverpool University Union, whom he addressed on Monday night. The greatest orator of our time has been looking back to try and discover the effects of public speaking, and has arrived at the conclusion of the wise man: *Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas*. Millions of speeches have been addressed to audiences, millions of sermons poured out to congregations, political, legal, complimentary speeches have been made in quantities; and he considers that the effect is nil. "What we want in our country, and in our history," said he, "is actions, and not speeches." His sentiments will find an echo in the hearts of many Englishmen who more or less despise the "gift of gab." Lord Rosebery is probably right in thinking that great issues are decided not by the eloquence of extremists on one side or another, but by the conclusions arrived at by the great mass of silent, inarticulate, moderate men, who, when the decisive moment comes, record their verdict and express the judgment of the country.

To turn from grave to gay, the students made an amusing entertainment of the subsequent proceedings. Five men of the greatest distinction had honorary degrees conferred upon them. They were Viscount Morley, Earl Rosebery, the Earl of Cromer, Mr. John Burns, M.P., and Sir Archibald Geikie. As each came forward and was presented by Professor Gonner, who in stately language described their claims to the honour, the students laughingly sang parodies of music-hall songs that had been carefully prepared beforehand. These were slightly satirical in tone, but perfectly good-humoured and full of wit and penetration. They welcomed Lord Rosebery's appearance by singing a parody of "The Swanee River," which contained the verse:

Up and down the whole creation  
Rosebery must go.  
Oh, what is his exact vocation  
Nobody seems to know.

Lord Cromer was greeted with the lines:

When Cromer out of Egypt came  
We sent Sir Eldon Gorst.

And then they produced a parody on "The Merry Widow." Mr. John Burns was saluted with a new version of "John Peel":

From his Battersea he is far, far away,  
And the I.L.P. is mourning.

Finally, the honour conferred on Sir Archibald Geikie was celebrated by a parody on "Father O'Flynn":

He's written books on the glacial drift,  
Great, heavy volumes, one can't even lift.  
If we start lifting you,  
Our heads go drifting, too.  
So we'll just make you a Doctor of Laws.

If a non-political journalist may be permitted to analyse the present situation, the following points emerge. Never was there such general agreement on the verge of great strife. Everybody regrets the failure of the Conference. Its success would have been an object-lesson to the world, and especially to Europe. Everybody is annoyed at the inconvenience of a General Election. It is not wanted by the Conservatives, who

think they would gain by delay, by Liberals, who grudge the expense coming so quickly after its predecessor, by Socialists or by Labour men. All are at one in holding it to be a nuisance; but some think it would be a lesser nuisance after Christmas, and others that it would be more bearable before. In any case it must do much to nullify the good effect of improving trade. A reconstruction of the Constitution may be unavoidable, but we hope any change will take the form of establishing a strong and capable Second Chamber expressing the will of the people and enjoying it.

The Local Government Board is to be congratulated on the issue of a careful Memorandum on Plague. It has not been dilatory. Professor Simpson's now celebrated article drawing attention to the serious nature of the outbreak was published in our issue dated November 5th and was in the hands of readers on November 4th. Until then the importance of the outbreak had been ignored, both by the Government and the leading newspapers. But the force of the case as he put it produced an immediate result on both. The document issued by the Local Government Board gives a lucid description of the general characteristics of plague, its symptoms, diagnosis and the methods by which rats spread it. Also, it enumerates the precaution to be taken as regards man, inanimate objects and rats. It is safe to say that if the advice thus offered were universally acted upon, not only would the danger of plague be averted, but the country would get rid of an intolerable little pest.

It would almost appear, however, as if the Board of Agriculture were missing its opportunity. Now was the time to organise a general movement among farmers and others for the suppression of the rat on strictly economical grounds. Some consciousness of this duty has evidently made itself felt at Whitehall, because in the Memorandum of the Local Government Board it is stated that "The Board of Agriculture and Fisheries are about to issue a leaflet on the subject of rat-destruction which will contain general information on the matter." Their trust in the efficacy of the leaflet is almost touching; but if this is to be their *modus operandi* we would strongly recommend them to induce the Master of Christ's to let them print the exhaustive study of the rat flea in to-day's issue of COUNTRY LIFE, combined with the same author's study of the rat in *The Times* of November 9th. This would make an authoritative and perfect little monograph on the subject that would be of the utmost service and instruction to farmers. Mr. Shipley's position as a zoologist who has made a special study of the diseases of wild animals is unequalled. What he says, therefore, carries unquestioned authority, and a re-issue of the two articles we have mentioned in one pamphlet would be an invaluable piece of service to all those who are interested in the extermination of the rat.

#### ROSES OF PARADISE.

Outside the gates of Eden's land,  
A faded rose unto her hand,  
While thorns sprung out of the desert sand,  
Eve stood a-weeping there;

Stood a-weeping,

Stood a-weeping

For the flower's of that garden fair!

Since that sweet day when Christ was born,  
Has bloomed the bare, the desert thorn;  
And the Rose of Sharon ope that morn  
When lay the Babe most dear;

Softly sleeping,

Softly sleeping,

With the Virgin, blessed and fair!

ALICE E. GILLINGTON.

It is with regret that we have to announce that Mr. Walter Goodfellow, the leader of the British Ornithologists' Expedition to the Snow Mountains in Dutch New Guinea, has been invalidated home. A few days ago Mr. Ogilvie-Grant received a cable from Macassar announcing this unfortunate news. It will be remembered that in his last article, which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE on November 5th, he mentioned the fact that Mr. Goodfellow had been suffering severely from fever, but that a letter dated August 2nd seemed to indicate that he had recovered from the attack.

The heroic and affecting story of Lieutenant Boyde Alexander's death, which has been brought home by his cousin, Jose Lopez, adds to the romance and tragedy of exploration. It appears that when the eruption took place on Kamerun Peak the natives believed that the Englishman had fired his gun into the crater and roused the devil whom they believed dwells within the mountain. So they fled before the magician, driving

their cattle before them and leaving the villages deserted, with as little intelligence as the monkeys which, when they felt the effect of the earthquake, fled in thousands down the mountain slope screaming and grinning with fear. At Yola Lieutenant Alexander fell ill with fever, and after improving had a relapse, from which he never wholly recovered. He got better, but got into the excited state of mind in which he was murdered. His diary, which has been recovered and brought home, will make an absorbing book.

Public opinion will, we think, endorse the very lenient sentence passed on Lieutenant Helm by Mr. Justice Bankes. The young German officer has been tried and found guilty with the careful justice characteristic of our country. His counsel, speaking with the authority of his client, entered a plea of guilty; but at the end he was only asked to enter into his own recognisances for £250 to come up for trial when called upon. Probably he did not at the moment exactly understand what this implies. Its meaning is that if he does not repeat his offence and come again into an English court, no English court will go in search of him. The leniency shown is precisely what one friendly neighbour might fairly be expected to extend to another when an alien subject is found guilty of an offence against the law. The sentence may be taken as an intimation to the Kaiser and his subjects that, while the British Government is resolved to exercise a jealous vigilance over its defences and to take care that no foreigner is allowed to come and make sketches that might possibly be of use in the event of warfare, yet British justice is above being vindictive, and it records a sentence only that Lieutenant Helm has come within the pale of the law, and that should his offence be repeated, either by himself or another, it will be more severely dealt with.

The Tweed has been giving the angler great sport in this, the last month that it is open—it may be said, the last month of the angling season anywhere. But must it not seem a little exasperating to anglers of the Tay, let us say, by way of instance of a river which closes late yet considerably before the Tweed, to find the good spate coming and the fish running up in such plenty and taking the fly with such freedom on that river, whereas on his own he was sitting waiting for that spate which never came in all the autumn days that he was permitted to cast his line of invitation over the crystal clear pools! He must be an exceptionally good sportsman who is able freely to rejoice with his rejoicing brother angler in circumstances such as these. But at least the good success of the November fisher on the Tweed has this point which all may concur in estimating as good, that it confirms the view universally held that there were a great many salmon in and around the estuaries of the rivers on the East Coast of Scotland waiting to come up if only the water in the rivers would give them the chance. The chance has come, and no doubt they have accepted it ubiquitously, though it is only on the Tweed that the angler has been able to put them to the proof.

We have spoken before of the billiards of George Gray, the young Australian professional; but his two wonderful breaks in his match with Lovejoy are a full justification for referring to him again, the more so as his game, monotonous as it is in its perfect accuracy, is of the kind which the ordinary amateur both understands and endeavours to play. It used to be said of Roberts that he eschewed and despised the losing hazard into the middle pocket, with the ball brought back again into position for the same stroke to be repeated, and always worked for the top of the table, *i.e.*, spot-stroke and cannon game, and this middle-pocket game was the great stand-by of the ordinary amateur. Gray has reduced it to a perfection never seen before, his manipulation of the red ball, so as to keep it always in the middle of the table, and never allowing it to drift down towards either side cushion, being even more remarkable than his perfect strength.

It is possible that we may shortly see some very interesting tennis as a consequence of that final match in the tournament at Manchester, in which G. Covey so easily beat C. Fairs, better known as "Punch," the present champion. Covey won this match easily, but he was receiving the odds of owe fifteen for a bisque, and he was meeting a tired man. Fairs had done well, at the odds, to win some of the previous heats, and had not done it without some hard work. Obviously, he was feeling the effects of that work in his match with Covey, playing without any dash, and Covey seemed to realise the position from the outset, and to be full of confidence. He began by winning a love set; in the next set he let the champion take two games and three in the third; but he was always playing masterful tennis, and was much more fit and vigorous than the man who

was giving him odds. The hope is that this success will encourage Covey to challenge Fairs for the championship, for the result of that challenge would be a match which every lover of the great game would like to see.

Of all the shows, pageants and revivals which are so much the fashion of the day, none is more pleasant or more pretty than that of the morris dancing which the *Esprance* Guild is now performing monthly at the new Crosby Hall. The carved roof and minstrels' gallery and old-time aspect generally of this classic building make it peculiarly adapted to be a scene for the morris dancing and folk-song reciting which the guild has now given for the first time with the promise of fresh—or more or less fresh—performances once a month. Both dancing and singing proved singularly infectious, so that the spectators joined in the floor-thumping and in the melodies. This, which was one of the designed effects of the show, was really something of a triumph in its achievement, for the unemotional and reserved Englishman is not easily inspired to movement of either feet or lips which he suspects may turn the laugh against him. However, all went vivaciously on this first attempt, and it is sure to go better still at the next.

#### THE FIRST MEET.

Under her Common's spreading trees  
Her sorrowing neighbours walk,  
They talk of her in twos and threes  
And it is mournful talk.  
How sad the scarlet horsemen ride,  
Were wont to be so gay,  
The dappled beauties, side by side,  
Are eager for the fray.  
The huntsmen and the whipper-in  
Flog at the shining coats,  
And would restrain the cheerful din  
From twice a dozen throats.  
They meet as oft they met of old  
Before her old house-door  
The lights are out; the hearth is cold  
And she comes forth no more.  
Oh, many an eye is dim with tears  
And many a heart is sad:  
They think on the old happy years  
And the good days they had.  
List to the horn, the merry horn,  
It hath a mournful voice;  
The hunt moves off this South-wind morn  
And but the hounds rejoice.  
Her old house mourns in shine and sun,  
Her old dog grieves and grieves:  
No foot is on her threshold-stone  
But just a drift of leaves.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

Whatever may be the true cause of Count Tolstoy's attempt to retire to the seclusion of a monastery, it is pleasant to think that he in these latter days is showing that the spirit of Marcus Aurelius and the army of those who choose aestheticism is not yet dead. Count Tolstoy's state of mind, as Prince Kropotkin has pointed out in a letter, is a natural outcome of his thoughts and meditations during the last thirty years. He has in the course of his life shown himself capable of every extreme. He has, in fact, drunk the cup to the lees—pleasure, work, fighting, hunting; wherever he was and whatever he was doing, his whole soul and energy were thrown into it, and now age brings its natural revulsion; he would, like a wise man, spend his remaining days in the tranquil peace of a monastery, thinking, probably, without much joy and without much regret, of the pageant of life as he has seen it and taken part in it.

The diverting letter about John Peel which appeared last week in a contemporary was interesting, as it gave an unusual view of a well-known character. But we should like the writer to produce evidence for his statements. His contention is that John Peel, "with his coat so grey," was in reality "a Grasmere ne'er-do-well, who used to run with a scratch pack of mongrels which were got together from time to time to hunt foxes on the fells." The John Peel of the song is, however, a person whose history is known. He was born at Caldbeck in Cumberland on November 13th, 1776, and kept a pack of hounds at his own expense for fifty years. He died in 1854. The words "D'y ken John Peel" were sung impromptu by his friend, John Woodcock Graves, one evening in the parlour of the inn at Caldbeck. The tune is an old Border "rant" originally known as "Bonnie Annie," the vigour and "squareness" of which have made it famous. The John Peel mentioned in our contemporary must have been a different person from the John Peel who lived at Caldbeck.

## RAT FLEAS.

BY A. E. SHIPLEY, F.R.S.

"In 'x' finita tria sunt animalia dira:  
 Sunt pulices fortes, cimices, culicunque cohortes;  
 Sed pulices saltu fugiunt, culicesque volatu  
 Et cimices pravi nequeunt foetore necari."

**I**T used to be the custom to classify the fleas with the *Diptera*, but in recent years there has been an increasing tendency to split into smaller groups the larger Orders of Insects which satisfied our forefathers, and fleas have now been promoted to the rank of an Order of Insects under the name of the *Siphonaptera*, a term proposed by Latreille some years before Kirby suggested the name *Aphanaptera*.

The head of a flea is small, and the antennae are short and in rather an unusual position, sunk in a groove and of three joints only, the terminal one being very sensory (Figs. I. and II.). The mandibles take the form of long styles with saw-like edges (Fig. III.). The organ with which the insect injects the secretion which sets up the irritation in the bitten is conveyed by a median unpaired hypopharynx.

The first maxillæ have long palps, or sensory organs, which project forward and look like and appear to act as antennæ. The labial or second maxillary palps are also very large, and form a sheath in which the biting styles play (Fig. III.).

The male flea is generally not more than half the size of the female, and the dorsal surface of its abdomen is concave (Fig. II.). In both sexes the three thoracic segments are distinct, and the anterior legs have an extra articulation which throws them forward and gives them almost the appearance of arising from the head (Fig. II.). The legs are unusually powerful, and well adapted for leaping, especially the third pair. So great are their powers of jumping that could a flea be enlarged to the size of a lion without loss of strength, it could spring two-thirds of a mile. The abdomen has nine segments, and the structures at the posterior end are used for the purposes of separating the species.

Fleas undergo a very complete metamorphosis. The eggs are laid some twelve at a time among the hair of the host, or in crannies or cracks in

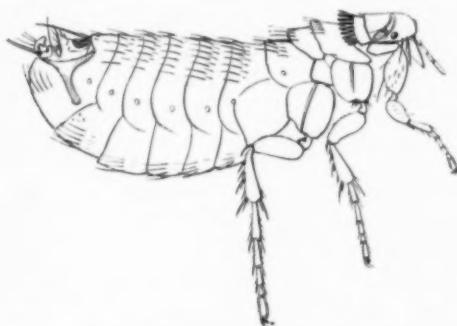


FIG. I.—CERATOPHYLLUS FASCIATUS (FEMALE).

Magnified thirty times.

wainscoting, among dirty linen or in crevices in the floor (Fig. IV.). They are oval, white, porcelain-like, beautiful ova, not affixed to the hair of their host, for they readily fall on to the ground, and are commonly found where the host sleeps, in kennels and in lairs. The young larva when it emerges is seen to be provided with a process on the head for breaking the egg-shell.

The larva itself is small (Fig. V.), with the mouth-parts of a mandibulate insect. It is provided with a head and thirteen segments, very uniform in appearance, and is, as a rule, of a whitish colour. In spite of having no legs, these little creatures are very active and move quickly about, aided by the wriggling of the body and by numerous bristles. The larvae live upon any organic refuse found in the dust of the place where they are born and they can be reared upon the sweepings of living-rooms. After a varying number of days, and after casting their skin once, twice or thrice, they pass into the pupa stage, in which

the limbs are free. The larva when changing into the pupa spins for itself a little white silken cocoon (Fig. VI.), which is frequently covered with dust. After a time the pupa (Fig. VII.), which is white, becomes gradually darker, and in a week or two the imago, or perfect insect, emerges. The whole metamorphosis does not last long; the entire development of the generation of a cat flea occupies but little more than a fortnight.

Eight or nine years ago Mr. L. O. Howard, Government Entomologist at Washington, made a series of experiments with *Pulex serraticeps*, a common dog or cat flea. He

collected a number of eggs and placed them in two glass vessels; one was kept dry and the other moist with damp blotting-paper. The eggs hatched out as a rule in about twenty-four hours after having been placed in position, and the young larvae soon showed a brown tinge to their alimentary canal, indicating that they had been feeding on some dried blood which had been given them for food.

The larvae were very

active, crawling about, wriggling their bodies and moving their heads and their numerous bristles. They were difficult to rear, an excess of moisture or too much dryness being equally fatal. They cast their first skin in from two to seven days after hatching, and they cast a second skin two or three days later. The length of the larval life varied considerably, from a week to fourteen days, probably being dependent partly on the food supplied and partly on external conditions. The larvae vary also in the number of skins they cast before they curl themselves up and begin to spin their cocoon, some apparently having cast three skins, others only one. The cocoon is a flattened structure, adherent to some surface, on the lower side, but it soon becomes inconspicuous from the dust which collects and adheres to it. If disturbed while building the cocoon the larva leaves the incomplete structure and transforms into the pupa outside it. On an average the larvae commence spinning between the seventh and the fourteenth day after hatching from the egg, and the imago emerge five days later. It thus appears that in summer-time, at Washington, the whole metamorphosis, from egg to imago, takes from a fortnight to three weeks. This confirms some similar observations made by Mr. W. J. Simmons in Calcutta.

It is not difficult to destroy fleas in the larval stage. They are delicate organisms, and do not develop well in situations where they are likely to be disturbed; but if undisturbed they flourish in the sweepings of floors or where dust collects in the crevices and cracks between boards. This accounts for the great accumulation of fleas that sometimes takes place in unoccupied houses during the summer months.

The destruction of the adult flea is a much more difficult problem. Various powders and the using of the Californian Buhach and Pyrethrum have at times been unsuccessfully tried, and even a free sprinkling with benzine of the place where dirt had collected was ineffective in one case of extreme infection. One method of getting rid of fleas was successfully practised by Professor Gage of Cornell University. He draped the legs of the "janitor" of the building with



FIG. II.—CERATOPHYLLUS FASCIATUS (MALE).

Magnified thirty times.

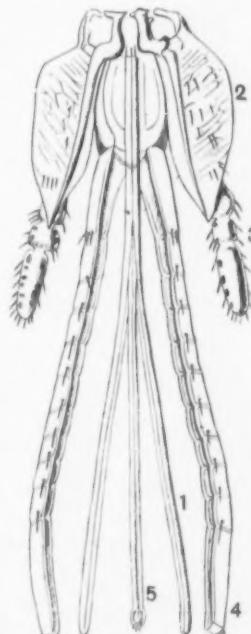


FIG. III.—MANDIBLES OF A FLEA.

Highly magnified. From Wagner.

1.—Mandibles. 2.—First Maxilla. 3.—Palp of first Maxilla. 4.—Second Maxilla. 5.—Hypopharynx.

fly-papers, with the sticky side outwards. The "janitor" then proceeded to walk up and down the floor of the infected room, with the result that nearly all the fleas jumping at his ankles, as they always do, were caught on the fly-papers.



FIG. IV.—EGG OF A FLEA.

Very highly magnified.  
From Howard.

and fleas from many mammals undoubtedly do bite man. One of the largest, of the one hundred and fifty odd species of fleas, is the *Hystrichopsylla talpæ*, which occurs on moles, voles and field-mice. It is also found in the nests of the humble bee, *Bombus subterraneus*, where it is probably carried by the voles which burrow into their nests. *Pulex serraticeps*, a common dog flea already mentioned, apparently acts as the intermediate host of one of the *Tænias* which infest the alimentary canal of the dog.

The following list of fleas found on *M. decumanus* and *M. ratus* and their allies is compiled from the Hon. N. Charles Rothschild's Synopsis (Bulletin of Entomological Research, Vol. I., 1910, page 89). In this valuable paper he has enlarged and corrected the list which he kindly helped me to draw up, as a part of my paper on the Parasites of the Rat (Journal of Economic Biology, Vol. III., 1908, page 61) some two years ago.

#### FAMILY I.—SARCOPSYLLIDÆ

This family is that of the Chigoes or Jiggers, whose females burrow in the skin of the feet of man in South America.

##### I. Genus DERMATOPHILUS, Gueér.

(1) *D. caecata*, Enderl.—Male unknown; this species has been taken in Brazil on and behind the ears of *M. ratus*.

II. Genus ECHIDNOPHAGA, Olliff.—The genus belongs to warm countries in the Eastern Hemisphere. Numerous species are known, four of which have been found on rats.

(2) *E. gallinaceus*, Westw.—A common species, particularly on the heads of fowls in tropical Asia and Africa; introduced into the United States; also found on rats in Africa.

(3) *E. myrmecobii*, Rothschild.—A species peculiar to Australia, where it has been taken on several indigenous animals and also on rats.

(4) *E. murina*, Tirab.—A native of Southern and South-Eastern Europe, where it occurs on the heads of rats; it is apparently rare.

(5) *E. liopus*, Rothschild.—Found on rats in India; originally described from Western Australia, where it is plentiful on *Echidna*.

#### FAMILY II.—PULICIDÆ (TRUE FLEAS).

##### III. Genus PULEX, L.

(6) *Pulex irritans* Linn.—The human flea; practically cosmopolitan. It has been found on *M. ratus* and *M. decumanus* and many other animals which come in contact with man.

IV. Genus XENOPSYLLA, Glink.—This genus includes numerous species from Africa: one of them, *X. cheopis*, Rothschild, is now practically cosmopolitan, and another, *X. brasiliensis*, Baker, has been introduced into South America.

(7) *X. cheopis*, Rothschild.—Originally discovered in Egypt; this is the common flea of rats in the tropics.

Although apparently cosmopolitan, it does not flourish in temperate and cold climates. It is the chief agent in conveying plague from rats to man in the East.

This flea was described by Rothschild from specimens taken from numerous small rodents in Egypt. Tiraboschi found it commonly in Italy, and in forty per cent. of the ship rats in Genoa. It occurs on from eighty per cent. to



FIG. VII.—PUPA OF A FLEA.  
Magnified ten times.  
After Howard.



FIG. VI.—LARVA OF A FLEA.  
Spinning silk cocoon. Magnified about ten times.  
After Howard.

ninety per cent. of the rat population of Sydney and Brisbane, where it was described by Tidswell under the name of *Pulex pallidus*, and on twenty-five per cent. of the rats in Marseilles, where Gauthier and Raybaud record that the numbers decrease as the distance from the water-front increases. Herzog took forty-two fleas of this species from one hundred and fifty-three rats of both species in Manila, and it also occurs commonly in South America. It has been found at Plymouth and at Pretoria. It is by far the commonest of the rat fleas of warmer countries, and the Plague Commission consider that it forms ninety-nine per cent. of the fleas found on *M. ratus* and *M. decumanus* in India.

(8) *X. brasiliensis*, Baker (= *vigetus*, Rothschild).—This species occurs on rats in West Africa, and has been introduced into Brazil.

V. Genus HOPLOPSYLLUS, Baker.—These are North American fleas; one species has been found on rats, but only once.

(10) *H. anomalous*, Baker.—This species is recorded from Colorado and California.

VI. Genus CTENOCEPHALUS, Kolen.—There are two species, which, although confounded by many authors, are easily distinguished by the shape of the head.

(11) *Ct. canis*, Dugès.—This is the flea commonly found on the dog, but it also occurs on rats. It is practically cosmopolitan, but more abundant in temperate countries than in the tropics.

(12) *Ct. felis*, Bouché.—This again is a widely distributed and very common flea all over the world on rats as well as many other animals.

VII. Genus CERATOPHYLLUS, Curtis.—The number of species is very large; many of them are found on birds, but five only have been recorded from rats or house-mice.

(13) *G. fasciatus*, Bosc.—This is the flea most commonly found on *M. ratus* and on *M. decumanus* in Great Britain, and, indeed, throughout Central and Northern Europe. It also occurs on the house-mouse, *M. musculus*. Rats from Cape Town also harbour this species, and it is occasionally found on rats from India. Should the epizootic in Suffolk become an epidemic, this flea will be in all probability the intermediary between rat and man.

(14) *C. londiniensis*, Rothschild.—This species is widely distributed on both the British species of rat and of mice. It is apparently rare in England, but a large number of specimens were once taken in South Kensington. Apparently this species does not bite man.

(15) *C. anisus*, Rothschild.—Originally described from Japan, where a male was obtained off *Felis* sp. Another specimen was found at San Francisco, California, taken off *M. decumanus*.

(16) *C. penicilliger*, Grube.—This flea, like *Ctenophthalmus agyrtes*, is common on the field-mouse (*M. sylvaticus*) in England, and occurs on rats and small Carnivora in Europe and North Asia. One specimen was taken off *M. decumanus* at Rannoch, Scotland.

(17) *C. niger*, Fox.—A bird-flea from California, but also occurring on rats.

VIII. Genus PYGIOPSYLLA, Rothschild.—A number of species are known from the tropical countries of the Eastern Hemisphere, two being recorded from rats. Specimens of both these fleas have been sent from Australia labelled "from *M. ratus*"; but subsequent examinations of large numbers of this animal in the same locality have not yielded any more. As both fleas are common on *M. assimilis*, a purely Australian rat, it is probable that the hosts called *M. ratus* were really *M. assimilis*.

(18) *P. hilli*, Rothschild.

(19) *P. rainbowi*, Rothschild.

IX. Genus CHIASTOPSYLLA, Rothschild.—The genus includes a few species from South Africa, one of which has been obtained from a rat.

(20) *Ch. rossi*, Waterst.—Only one female known, which was taken off a rat in South Africa. Probably a common flea.



FIG. V.—LARVA OF A FLEA.  
Magnified ten times.  
After Laboulbene.

X. Genus *NEOPSYLLA*, Wagn.—A small number of Palæarctic species, one of which was obtained from a rat.

(21) *N. bidentatiformis*, Wagn.—Russia.

XI. Genus *CTENOPHTHALMUS*, Kolen.—There are many species of this genus: two species have been recorded from rats.

(22) *Ct. agyrtes*, Heller.—This is a European species, common in England on field-mice and bank-voles, and occurs also on *M. decumanus* when captured in the open.

(23) *Ct. assimilis*, Tasch.—This species is found in Central Europe on field-mice; it is common in Germany on

*Arvicola arvalis*, and has also been recorded from rats; it is apparently not found in England.

XII. Genus *CTENOPSYLLA*, Kolen.—One of the species has been obtained from rats.

(24) *Ct. musculi*, Dugès.—This is a widely distributed species, very common on rats and mice, especially on *M. musculus*, with which it has spread.

XIII. Genus *HYSTRICHOPSYLLA*, Tasch.—One species has been found on rats.

(25) *H. tripectinata*, Tirab.—This is a Mediterranean species which occurs on mice and rats. It has also been found in the Azores.

## THE LAND OF THE MARABOUT.

**T**RADITION tells that Mahomet, having obtained permission from God to visit his mother's grave, wept over it so bitterly that all those about him were moved to tears. Thereafter he enjoined his followers, "Do ye visit graves, that they may remind you of death." The precept has been faithfully obeyed. Nowhere are the living so mindful of the dead as in Mahomedan lands. In Algeria especially pilgrimages to the tombs of holy men are part of the serious business of life, and bring honour and glory to those who make them. I remember, on my first day in Tunis, I was struck by the sight of a man coming down the street, before whom every native passer-by prostrated himself to the ground. He was clad from head to foot in a garment of vivid green; that green we never see under Northern skies, unless it be in the curl of the waves at Scilly. He had the dignified carriage of an Arab of the desert, and a full, white beard rippled down his breast. I was told this impressive personage was a Shereefian Marabout who had three times performed the journey to Mecca and Medina. Those who cannot travel so far afield may also acquire a reputation for piety by visiting the shrines of local saints, known, together with their tombs, by the comprehensive name of Marabouts.

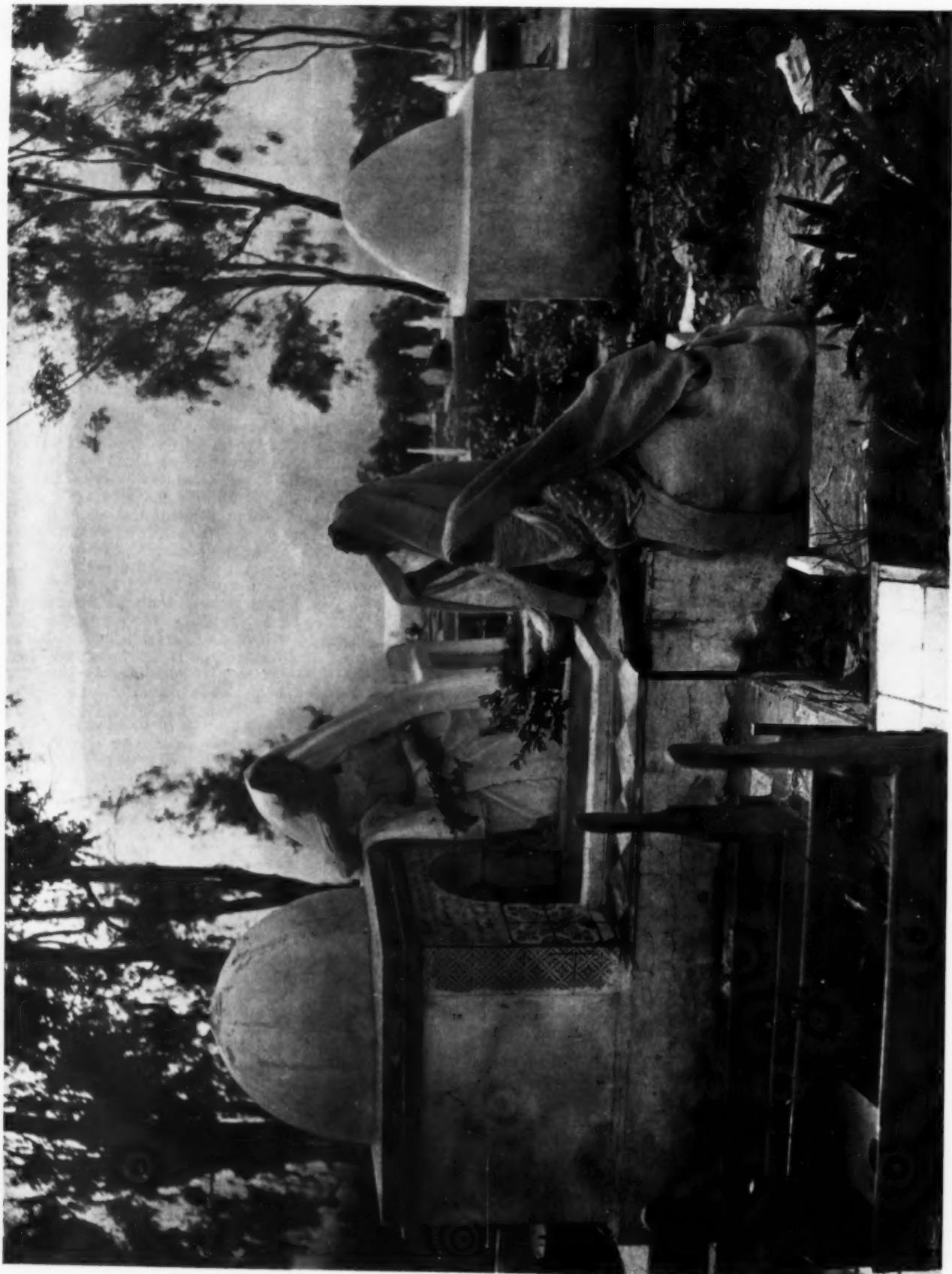
Many Marabouts are accredited with some special miraculous power, whether it be to bestow rain or children or relief from bodily ills. Their votaries bring offerings according to their means, so that the little white-domed chapels which catch one's eye so often—dotted about an Algerian landscape like the eggs of some Gargantuan fowl—commonly maintain their guardians in comfort if not in wealth. Yet sometimes, riding among the Kabyle hills, we came upon a lonely Koubba far from the beaten tracks, where the sole properties consisted of small green-glazed lamps lighting the tomb, a few earthen pots containing charcoal or incense and some shreds of raiment on the neighbouring bushes. This is, however, quite the exception. A dead Marabout is, as a rule, a source of considerable income to his descendants, and a live one (the title is either hereditary or conferred after death) is usually in possession of temporal as well as spiritual power, and more often than not is the owner of the Zaouia, over which he presides and receives specific tithes from his neighbours. In one case I remember this tax consisted of a carpet, a camel and a negress! But I believe French influence is gradually changing the old order of things. A Zaouia, it may be explained, is, in the first place, a school where the Koran is the chief object of study, but it also combines many of the functions of the mediæval monastery, such as dispensing alms to the poor and providing a guest-house for travellers.

It is one of the curious exceptions to man's supremacy in this land of paradox that there are also a certain number of female Marabouts and of shrines dedicated to such of these holy women as have already entered Paradise. But perhaps the most striking instance of female ascendancy is provided by a monument, which has been for many centuries the object of superstitious dread to the native and of interest and conjecture to the foreigner. This monument is known to the modern rulers of Algeria as the Tombeau de la Chrétienne—to the indigenous population as the Koubba-el-Roumia.

Sailing westward from Algiers, one's eyes involuntarily follow the romantic outline of the Barbary Mountains. Ere long, near the end of the Sahel range, there comes in sight a great pile of masonry rising into the shape of a truncated cone. This is the tombeau. It is a beacon to wayfarers by land and sea, and dominates the country round about not only by its commanding position, but by the mystic legends which cling to its stones. These legends are woven round the name of Kahina, a famous Berber queen, and carry one back to the close of the seventh century A.D., when the irresistible tide of Islamism swept over the Sahara and blotted out all but the memory of Christianity. Kahina was the Boadicea of Barbary,

and long defied the Arab invader from the heights of the Aures, but fell at last in battle, vanquished by overwhelming odds. Sometimes a mythic tale gives an epitome of a hero or heroine's character, more vivid and faithful than could be drawn from a series of actual incidents in their career. So with Kahina. The following story from an Arabian chronicle gives a striking picture both of her and of her times. It is related that Kahina was the daughter of a mighty Berber chieftain, Aures by name, and received many offers of marriage, for she was beautiful and intelligent, and had, moreover, been highly educated. Her choice fell upon a Prince named Berzegan; but before the wedding ceremonies could take place her father died, and was succeeded by one of the rejected suitors. This man proceeded to revenge himself on the orphan Princess by claiming the right of a feudal lord to violate the bride of a vassal. Kahina hesitated to obey the hateful mandate. Finally she invited her friends and kinsmen to a banquet, and at the conclusion of the feast revealed her decision, which met with their full approval. She then set forth with a bevy of damsels to bear her company. Arrived at the castle of her enemy, she sought him alone in his chamber, and there plunged a dagger into his heart. She was then made Queen, and ruled her people wisely and mercifully for many years. However this story may stand the scrutiny of historic research, there is no doubt it is true to the character of its heroine. When Kahina found that the rich cities and fertile cornfields of Kabylia inflamed the greed of the Bedouin, she ordered the ruthless destruction of forests, fields and towns, and that the wealth of the nation should be burned or buried. "When there is nothing left to take from us they will leave us in peace!" she is said to have exclaimed, and forthwith the luxuriant country-side was laid waste.

From such a tradition there naturally grew a belief in buried treasure, and as the great mausoleum among the Sahel hills became associated with the name of Kahina, the rumour strengthened that the apparently impregnable pile of free-stone concealed the hoarded riches of the valiant Christian queen. So at infrequent intervals the old monument was rudely assailed, until, at the time of Napoleon III.'s visit to Algeria, its base was completely hidden by the *debris* resulting from the onslaughts of baffled greed. The Emperor then furnished M. Berbrugger, an archaeologist of distinction, with the funds needed for a prolonged siege of the Koubba; but it was not till seven months had been spent in steady labour by a gang of workmen, under the direction of M. Berbrugger and his colleagues, M. Piesse and Mr. McCarthy, that an entrance was at last effected. It may be imagined with what excitement and curiosity the explorers threaded the coil of passages leading to the core of the monument; but a cruel disappointment awaited them, for on entering the mortuary chambers they were found to have been completely rifled of their contents. The tomb was empty both of treasure and of human remains. All that could be discovered were some ancient Berber pottery, a few fragments of Egyptian jewellery and a coin of the reign of Juba II. In this coin, however, lay the clue to the history of the mausoleum. It had evidently been intended as the burial-place of the kings of Mauretania, and M. Berbrugger was able to affirm that it had not been entered since the days of Ptolemy, the ill-fated heir of Juba II, and his wife Selene, the daughter of Antony and Cleopatra. So the claims of Kahina were brushed aside to make way for two Royal persons, whose story was even more romantic than hers—Juba, the scholar Prince, and his fair consort, Selene-Cleopatra, last Princess of the Ptolemys. Their childhood was overhung with tragedy, for Juba I., like Antony and Cleopatra, died by his own hand rather than endure the shame of gracing a Roman triumph. The fate intended for the father fell upon the child. The second Juba, hardly six years old, was led through the streets of Rome behind the chariot of Julius Caesar. They were iron times; but better days ensued. The Numidian Prince was brought up with the



THE TOMB OF A MARABOUT.

M. Emil Frechon.

Copyright.



Copyright.

A LONELY KOUBBĀ IN THE AURÈS.

M. Emil Frechon.

surroundings and education befitting his birth, and when the young Selene came to find a home in the household of Octavia it is possible that Juba's precocious scholarship was already a subject of table talk in the imperial circle. The two orphans had many links to draw them together, and though Selene might well have preferred some Patrician gallant to the studious Moor, it suited the policy of Augustus to unite their fortunes.

In or about the year 29 B.C. the young couple set sail from Italy, but Numidia was soon to be reduced to a Roman province, and Juba received the kingdom of Mauretania in its stead. He made the old Phoenician town of Jol his capital, and renamed it Julia Cæsarea in honour of Augustus. Jol, or Iol, was beautifully placed on a wooded promontory sloping down to the sea. Juba rebuilt and adorned it with all that wealth and art could give. It was Athens in Africa, and its brief splendour gleams in the dark pages of Algerian annals like a burst of sunshine in the midst of a storm. Was it the site of Julia Cæsarea which inspired Browning with "Love Among the Ruins"? I wondered when I stood in the Kabyle cornfield which now bespreads the arena of the ancient hippodrome. I climbed the graduated

Kahina reigns supreme in the folk-lore of her native hills, and no Berber will ever be dissuaded from the belief that her spirit haunts the Koubba-el-Roumia.

C. T. H. W.

## LAW AND THE LAND.

As we seem to be within measurable distance of another General Election, an echo of the election of last January which has just been heard in the High Court is not without interest. A tenant who had the courage of his political convictions exhibited a party poster on the front wall of his house. The landlord strongly objected, and sent his man to pull down the bill, which was done, in spite of the tenant's remonstrances. Another bill was posted, and was removed in like manner, and then the tenant brought an action against his landlord claiming damages for trespass, and an injunction to restrain him from removing bills or notices in future. When the case came before the County Court, it was contended in justification that there had been some violence in the neighbourhood on account of election posters, and that the landlord might reasonably anticipate that his property might be injured owing to people throwing bricks and other missiles at premises decorated as these were. The judge seems to have accepted this view; anyhow, he came to the conclusion that the landlord was within his rights in peaceably entering and removing posters which might have led lawless



M. Emil Fréchon.

A GROUP OF KABYLE WOMEN.

Copyright

slope, where the curving lines of the *cavea* could still be discerned beneath a mask of creepers and shrubs, and glanced at a pile of stones lying at a point not far away, along the topmost ridge. Who knows but that that pile of ruined masonry was once the turret where the king sat, from whose glance "the charioteers caught soul for the goal"? He looked upon a city stretching from the sea's edge far up the wooded hills, saw the

Mountains topped with temples, all the glades'  
Colonnades,  
All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts—and then,  
All the men!

And then, maybe, he looked towards Mount Chenoa, whose crest hid from him the mausoleum in which he meant to lie in death, he and the fair Selene, and the kings that should come after them. The abrupt ending of his line in the miserable death of his only son was a thing unthinkable and unguessed. Yet Ptolemy perished from starvation in a Roman dungeon by order of Caligula, and none but Juba and his spouse were ever buried in the Tombeau de la Chrétienne. That, at least, is the conclusion of M. Berbrugger, not to be lightly refuted.

people to injure his property, and gave judgment for the defendant. This decision has been reversed on appeal, the judges of the High Court recognising the old principle that an Englishman's house is his castle, and declaring that the defendant had no right to enter upon the property except in the event of non-payment of rent or breach of covenant. The moral for landlords who wish to prevent their property being used as political hoardings is that they must insert a special clause in the agreements or leases to the effect that election literature of a particular colour is not to be displayed on the premises.

Local education authorities throughout the country are considerably perturbed about the extent of their liability for accidents happening to children upon the school premises, or while being conveyed to and from school. As regards provided schools, two recent cases in the Court of Appeal have settled the law as being that the local education authorities are bound to maintain and keep the school buildings and playgrounds in good repair and safe for the use of the children while lawfully therein, and that if they fail in this duty, and a child sustains an injury by reason of any defect, the authority concerned is liable to pay damages in respect thereof. But with regard to voluntary schools there appears to be a serious difference of opinion as to whether the local authority or the managers, or both, or neither, are the responsible party. There is as yet no direct judicial ruling on this point, and though certain authorities have taken counsel's opinion on the question, they have not obtained much thereby, for the opinions given by eminent lawyers are almost diametrically opposite in their exposition of the law on the subject.



TALES  
OF  
COUNTRY  
LIFE.

THE THREE  
ADVENTURERS.

BY  
LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE.

HERE were once three sailors who went sailing over the wide seas for the sake of what they could find. One was a King's son, and his ship was orange with purple sails, and he loved adventure better than wine, and was glad in and out of season. The second was a fisherman by trade, and the east wind had nipped his soul and made it little and crafty, and his eyes were small and glistened like a snake's, and his boat was grey with grey sails. The third was a ploughman, who had stopped ploughing one day to listen to what the gulls were saying, and to hear better he went to sea in an old boat he found cast up on the beach with his smocked frock for a sail; but he was a foolish fellow and was angry with the water for wetting him and the wind for whistling in his ears; but they would not stop on that account. So these three sailed on.

But how did they sail? One sailed West, and that was the King's son. He sailed and sailed, and first he met the merchant ships all green and crimson dancing like butterflies on the blue sea. "Whither are ye bound?" asked the King's son. "To the other side of the world," said they. "And what does one there?" "Oh, the markets are open day and night and gold lies in heaps on the shore and men feast and lie at ease." "That is not for me," said the King's son.

Then he passed the pirate ships and the ships of war, and that was better; but still he sailed on till he came to a sea with no ships at all, and, later, to a sea which was black as pitch, and on one side were mountains black and shining like ebony, and nothing stirred there at all. There he saw an old man, with a long white beard, fishing from a leaky boat whose sides let the waters in.

"Give you good day," said the King's son. "This is a cold place. Can a man live here and not freeze?" And he laughed, for he was a merry fellow. But the old man answered not a word, but rowed towards the shore, and as though drawn by ropes the great ship followed his boat. The King's son laughed again. "Here is enchantment," he said, "and a black adventure. Where shall I sleep to-night, I wonder?" Then he leapt ashore, for his keel grated on the beach. The old man stood there with palsied, shaking head and greeted him. "I bid you welcome," he said, in a quavering voice. "The fire is laid, the feast is in the hall; you shall eat well and lie softly, for I am lord of this land," and he climbed unsteadily towards a great cave in the face of the ebon cliff.

"This is very well," thought the King's son, following him, "for I am hungry." Then they entered, and in the centre of the cave, which was dark save for a low fire lighted at one end, was a flat stone spread with meats, roast and boiled, and wine in flagons. "This bodes ill," thought the King's son, "bats' wings and crows' feet would better become this land, with flagons of salt water. I must beware"; yet he smiled as he sat down.

The old man sat opposite him and pressed him to eat, and his voice, which was harsh before, now grew grave and drowsy like the slow flowing tide, and he told the King's son many things. And the King's son heard how his heart's most secret desire might be fulfilled, till at last it seemed fulfilled already, and still he listened, and did not eat till sleep stole over him; and he almost dreamed he was in the land of his heart's desire.

"Will you not eat my food?" said the old man, suddenly. The King's son started wide awake. "Why!" said he to himself, "I am but a fool. Here I was nearly trapped; but since it seems I must be caught asleep, sleep will I. Then we shall see many things." But aloud he said: "Aye, truly, for the food is good and I starve." Then he pretended to eat and

drink, but slipped the food and wine under the table and ate and drank nothing.

"Now," said the old man, "I will tell you a new tale"; but the King's son pretended to sleep, and his head sank on his breast. He heard the old man rise softly and come round to him on tip toe, but as he bent over him muttering some strange words, the King's son sprang up, seized him by the beard and held him while the old man yelled in fury.

"I shall now slay you," said the King's son, "for I do not think you meant much good to me," and he drew his sword.

"Let me go, King's son," said the old man, "and you shall have my kingdom. Ah! had you eaten and drunk with me it had not been thus," and he shook like a dead leaf.

"You will not keep your word," said the King's son; "shall I not slay you therefore?"

But the old man sobbed again. "Pluck three hairs from my beard and I am bound to you for ever," said he.

So the King's son plucked them, for though the enchanter might be lying, he took his chance, and the old man crouched in a heap on the floor at his feet.

"Farewell," said the King's son, "I must now be going. I do not need a kingdom yet, but when I do I shall return." And he left the hall, whistling.

When he came to the beach he found nothing but a ship black and begrimed, with dust-coloured sails, and he looked at his garments, which had been green and purple, and they were black and tattered too, for the enchanter had had power over him for a few minutes when he was half-asleep listening to his tales. The King's son shrugged his shoulders.

"The boat has sails, a rudder and oars," he said; "I shall do well. I will not linger here any longer. When I return you shall give me my ship again." And he waved his hand towards the cave and at once set sail to the open sea.

But what befel the others—the fisherman and the ploughman—how fared they? The fisherman sailed north and he passed many ships and was saluted by them, and made no reply, for his mind was bent on other things, and his boat sails were grey and dingy against the blue sky. And he sailed over many seas, till by chance he also came to the black water, where he found an old man fishing in a leaky boat with a long white beard and bent head.

"Give you good day, fisherman," he said, for he was afraid and in need of company.

"Give you good day, King," said the old man, without looking up.

"Why does he call me 'King'?" thought the fisherman, and then his boat was drawn to shore just as the King's son's had been.

"Since he thinks I am a King, a King I will be," said the fisherman, as he landed, and his heart swelled with pride.

The old man led the way into the cave, and all happened as before—there was the feast spread with roast meats and wine and a chair at the head, where the fisherman sat with his head high.

"Eat well and drink well, oh King, for you have come far," said the old man. And the fisherman ate and drank, while the old man sat opposite and told him his heart's desire.

He told him that his pockets were bursting with gold pieces and that he was shod with gold and caught golden fish in golden nets, and that he was King and all men knelt before him. And now the fisherman believed he was King indeed, and after he had eaten and drunk some time he fell asleep, and the old man came and placed a golden circlet round his head and left him there till morning.

At dawn the fisherman woke, and he no longer saw a country black as ebony, but a land which gleamed and sparkled in the sunlight, for all the dust was gold. The old man came and greeted him.

"This is your kingdom," he said, "for I am your friend and give it to you freely. But now sail forth and find a Queen for it and then return. And the fisherman, like a man asleep, got into his boat at the old man's bidding and sailed away out to sea.

And the same thing chanced to the ploughman who sailed North. The salt wind stung him and brought tears to his eyes, and he was wet with the sea and weary of it. He had learnt the meaning of the gulls' crying, and much of it was praise of the good seed which falls in the furrow where the ploughshare passes, and he longed for the earth and the brown fields. And when he came to the black sea and sailed under the shadow of the black cliffs, his heart leapt at the sight of even this dreary land. But the old man did to him as he had done to the fisherman—hailed him King and stole his wits from him as he feasted, and the next day showed him a kingdom where the corn waved shoulder high and the ploughshares were of silver. And he told him this land was his and that he should have it when he returned to claim it. Then he drove him forth like a man asleep back to the high seas.

He sailed and the fisherman sailed and the King's son sailed, and they all came to a country where pomegranates ripen in midwinter and where peacocks sing like nightingales, and the Queen of that country was so beautiful that the sun often did not set for gazing at her, and she sat in an ivory tower all day waiting for something new to happen. And her robe was made of woven sunbeams, and she had seven Queens to wait on her, but still nothing ever happened. And she spent her days complaining and throwing precious stones into the sea.

The fisherman's name was Jonathan, the ploughman's Tim and the King's son's Phrasimund. It happened that they all sailed into the harbour at the same time, and the Queen saw them and clapped her hands.

"Here is something new at last!" she said. "Send down and fetch them up to the palace at once." And she was so pleased that she almost danced for joy.

So the three adventurers were brought up to the palace. The fisherman and the ploughman, who still thought they were kings, moved with great pomp and would not speak to anyone. They both wore crowns a size too small for them. Prince Phrasimund was dressed in grey rags, and his heart was full of laughter and friendliness, but the others would not even look at him, so proud were they.

The Queen received them sitting on a golden throne, and as soon as they saw her the fisherman turned livid grey, the ploughman purple and the King's son white and red, for they had fallen in love with her. She gave them her hand to kiss and asked them what brought them here.

"We are kings," said Tim and Jonathan instantly, "and we have come to woo you."

But the King's son said nothing, for he was gazing at her eyes.

The Queen laughed heartily.

"This is the merriest thing that has happened these many years," she said. "I'd as soon believe you were porpoises as kings." For she was very direct in speech.

The fisherman grew greyer still.

"Yet I have a kingdom where the dust is gold and rubies grow on currant bushes," he said.

The ploughman burned like a crimson sunset.

"Yet I have a kingdom where the corn grows shoulder high all the year round and the ploughshares are made of silver," he said.

"And have you a kingdom, too?" the Queen asked, turning to Prince Phrasimund.

He started, for he had not heard anything that had been spoken, since he was still gazing at her eyes. Then he laughed.

"My kingdom is like myself—black and torn," he said. "Still, it is mine; and there are few who possess so strange a country. Will you have an adventure and visit it with me?—for I love you more than anyone can understand." And he grew quite grave and silent.

"Well," said the Queen. "I am weary of this land. If I marry one of you it will be a change at least. I will sail with you to-morrow and see which kingdom pleases me; but I believe you are all liars, except perhaps the tattered youth, and he stares too much to please me." Then she blushed for the first time in her life, and swept from the room, leaving the three to sleep as they could.

The next morning at dawn they all set sail.

"I will come in your boat," said the Princess to Phrasimund, "because, although it leaks and is not at all what I am accustomed to, yet you can laugh, which apparently the others

cannot. I suppose they are afraid of shaking off their crowns." And she herself laughed mischievously as she climbed on board, leaving the ploughman and the fisherman yellow with jealousy and rage.

"Now we will sail to your kingdom first," said the Princess to Phrasimund, "for I am anxious to see a jet black country. I have had too much of gold dust and rubies all my life. Ebony rocks will be a nice change. The others can follow if they like."

So the King's son set sail, and the fisherman and the ploughman struggled behind all the way.

They crossed one sea and another sea, and came at last to the black water with the ebony cliffs rising stark on one side, and near the shore an old man fishing from a leaky boat, who fished and fished and said no word.

"Why," cried the fisherman, "did I not speak the truth? Who has dared disbelieve me? Am I not king? See how the gold glistens!" And his hands stretched out greedily towards the shore, for the enchanter's spell was still on both of them, and they saw what they desired.

"Your kingdom!" cried the ploughman, furiously. "Cannot you see the corn waving shoulder high and men ploughing with silver ploughshares?" And he sprang on board the fisherman's boat; but as he seized him in order to throw him into the sea, they both melted away like sea-foam, for this was the spell the enchanter had laid on them—that because of their folly, void and nothing they should become and melt away at a touch.

"I knew they were not real," said the Queen, who had looked on, very much interested. "I am glad we have got rid of them. But now shall we sail back again? For although I like you very much, and though you have not told lies like the others, yet I do not feel I should care to live here for ever; and since there appear to be no inhabitants, even fewer things might happen than in my own country. What do you think?" And she smiled on him very graciously.

"I will tell you in one moment," said Prince Phrasimund; and he rowed alongside of the old man's boat, who all this time had never lifted his eyes from his fishing.

"By the food I did not eat and the wine I did not drink, and these three grey hairs which I plucked from your beard, I have come to claim my kingdom," he cried in a loud voice.

And as he spoke the enchanter passed away quite noiselessly in a cloud of grey dust.

At once the black rocks turned suddenly into white cliffs and green hills, and roses grew right down to the shore, and birds sang, and the sea grew green and blue like a peacock's breast, and people in shining clothes came dancing through the trees.

"This is what I expected," said Prince Phrasimund, calmly. "The country was held under an evil spell, which I have broken by defeating the enchanter. Now I shall claim the kingdom for my own."

The Princess clapped her hands.

"I shall enjoy being Queen here," she said, "and I shall not at all mind sharing it with you. Let us start at once."

So they landed and found a marvellous palace waiting for them, and since something new happens every day, they are both completely satisfied, and are such excellent rulers that their subjects have raised a monument to the enchanter who was indirectly the means of bringing them there.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE LINGERING OF AUTUMN.

FOR some years have the trees in the Highland glens retained their leaves until so late in the season, and at the present date of writing (November 3rd) many of the birches and elders are as green as in midsummer. This is accounted for by the complete absence, so far, of any severe frost, for the month of October was wonderfully mild, and it was only on the last day of the month that wintry conditions supervened. During a run from Blair Athol to Fort William we had ample opportunities of admiring to the full the magnificent scenery in glen and mountain, and never before have we seen the Highlands looking so beautiful. In Glengarry the birches were somewhat bare, but the rowan, or mountain ash, trees were of a wonderful crimson tinge, and showed up against the dark hill-sides with striking effect. The road at the summit level of Dalnaspidal touches the one thousand five hundred feet level, and here we ran through a local belt of mist and rain, which, however, gave place to ideal weather conditions by the time Newtonmore was reached. From this point our way led westwards, and the weather conditions became wintry in the extreme. Heavy stormclouds swept down upon us from the north-west, and soon we were enveloped in a blinding snow-storm, which continued for some time. As we neared Loch Laggan—a magnificent sheet of water some eight miles in extent and considerably over one thousand feet above sea-level—the weather cleared, and now the scene was completely changed. Fringing the loch were birches and bracken in all their autumn glory, but the giant hills on either side were dazzling white, and on their summits the snow was being drifted along in blinding clouds. It was noted that in some places the bracken was still as green as in the height of summer, though in Aberdeenshire it had been cut down by the frost quite three weeks ago.

## AT BEN NEVIS.

After Loch Laggan the road gradually descended to lower levels, and soon after leaving Spean Bridge we had a very fine view of Ben Nevis. Though Britain's highest mountain—Ben Nevis tops Ben Muich Dhui by some two hundred feet—yet to one who knows the Cairngorms the disparity between the heights of the two mountains must only be too evident. Ben Muich Dhui, though four thousand two hundred and ninety-six feet above sea-level, is in actual height quite one thousand five hundred feet lower than Ben Nevis, for the latter hill rises from sea-level, while the base of Ben Muich Dhui is quite one thousand five hundred feet above the sea. Seen as we passed it from the road, Ben Nevis was at its best. From the one thousand five hundred feet line the snow was continuous, the monotony being broken by the mountain burns, the courses of which stood out as dark as night against the surrounding whiteness. Facing the east are giant precipices—the seat of eternal snows—and very grand did these look on the present occasion powdered as they were with a fresh covering of snow. A thin, grey mist enveloped the summit, and though at times it seemed as though it would lift, the plateau was never clear during the time we were at Fort William. An enthusiastic friend of the writer determined, in spite of the Arctic weather conditions, to scale the mountain, and so with the services of an experienced guide the climb was carried through successfully, though the climbers reported, on their return, that the last one thousand feet were in mist, and that, on the summit, the thermometer registered only twenty-two degrees Fahrenheit, with the snow being blown in blinding clouds across the plateau.

## PTARMIGAN AND THE WEATHER.

While on the Cairngorms a few days ago I made some interesting notes on the effect of a sudden storm on the ptarmigan. The closing day of October was an exceptionally wild one, with a violent gale and continuous heavy rain out of the south-west. During the night the wind veered a few points to the north, and next morning found the hills coated with snow to the base. On a certain hill much frequented by the ptarmigan, but where we never before remember having seen them below the three thousand feet level, we were surprised to flush large coveys at a height of little over two thousand feet. The storm, though sudden, was by no means a severe one, as not more than a couple of inches covered the ground, and it seemed rather curious that a bird so hardy as the ptarmigan should be driven down by a few hours of wintry weather, especially when one remembers that even in midwinter they are found very much at the same levels which they frequent in the summer. The birds we saw had not,

except in a single case, assumed the full winter plumage. The exception—and a very striking one—was a cock bird, which was very conspicuous in a plumage of spotless white. It would be interesting to know whether the age of the bird determines the period at which the winter dress is assumed, for the young birds are somewhat later than their parents in assuming full winter plumage. We attempted, without much success, to obtain some photographs of the ptarmigan in their snowy surroundings. In one exposed spot a covey of these birds were sheltering behind some stones, and busily engaged in feeding. Directly they left the shelter they were well-nigh unable to face the heavy wind and blinding snow-drift, and crouched low on the ground, occasionally being almost blown off their feet when they attempted to move. We were able to approach to within a few yards of their leader before he took wing; but the conditions were all against successful photography.

## SOME NOTES ON THE RED GROUSE.

In contrast with the behaviour of the ptarmigan in descending to the low grounds with the storm, the grouse, curiously enough, seemed to enjoy the wintry conditions, and we came across a covey where, even in summer, grouse are not commonly met with. They were on the summit of a very exposed pass, on ptarmigan ground, and on being flushed flew up to a still greater altitude, though everything was in favour of their going down wind to the lower ground. Everything seems to point to the fact that the red grouse is increasing on the Cairngorm Mountains. We remember only a few years ago that scarcely a bird used to be flushed in the Larig Pass—which runs through the midst of the range—but now grouse are by no means uncommon here, though it is doubtful what is the cause of their increase. Possibly as they are never shot in the Larig the birds from the surrounding moors have become aware of the fact and have taken up their quarters in the sanctuary. The golden eagle, however, is continually ranging the pass, and it is quite a usual sight to see the grouse flying high and fast in a state of great terror, while a dark speck against the sky betrays the presence of their arch-enemy. It was unfortunate that the break in the weather should have come before the farmers in the Upland Glens had an opportunity of securing their corn crops. In these glens the fields adjoin the moorlands, and the grouse do an immense amount of damage to the corn in stock. Recently we saw a large flock of these birds making for the only field in a certain glen where the corn had not as yet been secured. The grouse alighted on the stooks in a dense cloud and must have done a considerable amount of damage, especially as a few moments afterwards they were joined by another large flock.

SETON GORD.

## IN THE

## ROSE GARDEN AT ST. FAGAN'S CASTLE.

THE large number of Roses of different kinds and habit of growth that may now be had is an obvious encouragement to those who care enough for their gardens to take a good deal of trouble about them, to put to the best uses a careful selection of this now large mass of material. This is

## GARDEN.

effectively done in the garden of Lord Plymouth's residence near Cardiff. A well-designed Rose garden is laid out round a central tank. It has Roses in beds and on arched bowers and tunnels; on the latter the Roses are trained to a simple wooden framework of posts, joined to arching half-hoops, with a series of horizontal laths nailed all over about eighteen inches apart.



ROSES ON CHAINS.

Elsewhere there are rectangular beds with standard roses rising from a groundwork of Pansies. They are of the Polyantha and Wichuraiana class, throwing out long arching branches laden with bloom. One thinks with satisfaction how much more beautiful and pleasure-giving are these large-headed standards than the older ones of the H.P. class, that too often stood in dreary rows, spaced out at the edge of a lawn, each one standing in its small circular patch cut out of the turf. We must be truly thankful that the days of these restricted conventions are over, and that we have in later years learnt to use our roses in so many better ways. The pretty device of roses on posts, and forming garlands from post to post supported by chains, is also well used in this good garden. The climate is favourable, and probably the roses do not suffer in winter from contact with the cold iron chain. In the Midlands and most places north of London it is a wise precaution to wind the chain round with a soft tanned cord about a quarter of an inch thick, the turns coming about two inches apart, so that the branches touch the cord and not the iron. But valuable though our newer ramblers are, they are never likely to displace the best of the old Ayrshires, derived from Rosa sempervirens, such as Dundee Rambler, The Garland and the always faithful Félicité Perpétue, one of the best of roses for a dense covering of arch or arbour.

In the better gardens we often see good use made of some of the older garden roses, each, in its own way, as yet unsurpassed—the Moss Rose, so beautiful in bud; the Damask, with its variety splashed red and white; the sweet Cabbage Rose, and that excellent family the derivatives of Rosa alba. Of these, the one best known is the white Rose of cottage gardens. The faint pink variety of the same called Maiden's Blush, once known will never be discarded, while for individual loveliness the charming pink Celeste is indispensable. These alba roses are all distinguished by the bluish colour of the leaves, whose leaflets are unusually broad and handsomely toothed.

For the middle parts of rose-beds where a kind of bushier habit is desired, or for a hedge of moderate height, there is no rose to beat Zephyrine Drouhin. Comparatively long known in France as a hedge or bush garden rose, it is only now making its way in England. It is free and hardy, of good bush shape, with flowers of a fine, lively rosy red that have the sweetest scent. It has the long-blooming character of the Hybrid Teas, with which it appears to have much in common. G. J.

#### THE PRICKLY HEATH.

ONE of the most showy plants in the shrub garden at this season is the Prickly Heath (*Pernettya mucronata*) a low, dense-growing shrub that was introduced to this country from Magellan so long ago as 1828, but which has never become very popular in our gardens. The reason for this is difficult to find. During the summer months it forms a neat dark green subject for the front of the shrubbery, and as it is naturally slow-growing, it remains dwarf for some years. In autumn the berries, which are usually produced so freely as to turn the shoots into veritable ropes of pea-shaped fruits, take on their respective colours, these ranging from white through old rose to bright rose pink, according to the variety. As they last in good condition over a long period, this Prickly Heath is an object of considerable interest and beauty for many weeks. In common with many other members of the Heath family, *Pernettya mucronata* requires a rather light soil well charged with peat or leaf-soil if it is to do its best, and in preparing a station for it, some of one or the other of these substances should be mixed with the natural soil. Owing to its dwarf habit and rather slow-growing propensity, it is advisable to plant in clumps of three shrubs each, or a large loam bed filled with it in the formal garden, and planted with lilies, makes an unique and pleasing picture, the fruits being at their best when the lilies have departed.

#### THE KAFFIR LILY.

During the past few weeks this charming little bulbous plant has been one of the most interesting of all that find a home in the outdoor garden, and even after the severe frost experienced early in November its crimson-scarlet plumes were unsullied in the more sheltered situations. It is known by the botanical name of *Schizostylis coccinea*, and hails from South Africa, where it derives its common name. The flowers in shape resemble those of the Gladiolus, except that the petals are blunter at the tips; and, indeed, the whole plant might well



FÉLICITÉ-ET-PERPÉTUE.

pass for a miniature Gladiolus, the green, sword-like foliage adding to the delusion. The flowers are excellent for cutting, and buds open freely in water, the blossoms in this condition lasting for several weeks. Providing the soil is extra well drained and rather heavily manured, the cultivation of the Kaffir Lily does not present any great difficulties; but a situation sheltered from cold north and east winds should be selected if possible. Propagation is effected by division of the bulbous-like roots, and this is best done in the early spring months. In the colder districts this little plant is often grown in pots, these being plunged to their rims in a sunny border for the summer and taken to the conservatory just before the flowers open.

F. W. H.

## THE CRAFT AND MYSTERY OF TWINING.

**C**LIMBING plants, as gardeners know, are superior to most in rapidity of production and general abundance of flower, foliage or fruit. Using no more than a square inch of soil-surface, a clematis or lonicera will cover ten square yards in a comparatively short time. Climbers are therefore extraordinarily useful not only for making a decorative spread, but for covering blank spaces and filling unsightly holes in the vesture of a garden. What would a glass ceiling be without them? A colourless sky of geometrical ugliness. But the fleecy green cirrus of a few climbers, set off by their flowery stars, makes for the eye a new and desirable heaven. The advantage they use so well is that possessed by all plants which avoid the necessity of building their own architectural supports. Instead of spending half its time and capital on the formation of a trunk, the climber uses the stem or branches of another plant, just as a man setting up in business may hire premises instead of building them himself. When comparing a tree with the ivy it supports, one naturally admires the plant that has laid its own foundations, built its own house and turns out its work in leaf and flower unheeded to any. But the climber at least shows a better recognition of the co-operative principle, or rather of the value of dependence in one direction, for the attainment of independence in another; in fact, of the higher individualism.

Darwin took a peculiar pleasure in exalting plants, as he put it, "in the scale of organised beings." In climbers, and especially twiners, he found a fruitful subject. Modern botanists have a tendency to ascribe memory, instinct and intelligence to plants; but, without going so far as this, one may credit twining plants with refined sensibility and delicate reaction to physical and chemical stimulus. Darwin believed that twining is the earliest form of climbing; it is, perhaps, the most efficient. Hence its occasional disastrous results to the support. He observed that plants which use hooks or tendrils save both time and substance. A twining *Phaseolus* is forced to make a stem three feet long in order to rise two feet, while a pea "which had ascended to the same height by the aid of its tendrils was but little longer than the height reached." He shows that tendril-climbers may have been evolved from stem-twiners by way of using leaf-stalks as hooks. The well-known *Clematis montana* is a good example of a leaf-climber. The majority of plants, he believed, possess a rudimentary power of twining. Anyhow, the full faculty is widespread, being found in thirty-five of the fifty-nine phanerogamic alliances. Among the most interesting and best-known genera are *Convolvulus*, *Lonicera*, *Ipomoea*, *Thunbergia*, *Aristolochia*. Quite ninety per cent. twine in the direction of a right-handed screw. The hop, honeysuckle and black bryony are common cases of left-handed movement. It is said that a few plants can twine either way.

When we state the main result, namely, that a plant which has not sufficient rigidity for self-support is enabled by twining to reach the light and air, we do not give the method, any more than we assign a purpose. On the contrary, if we can show how

a plant twines, we have gone far towards explaining why. How, then, does a plant twine? We see a hop climbing round a pole, and the process seems as obvious and elementary as the straight growth of a tree. But the latter is a difficult problem, and, as for twining, when we examine its mechanism it becomes the most difficult and tantalising of problems. Four years ago, W. Pfeffer, the greatest authority on the movements of plants, declared that "the causes of twining are unknown." They are still unknown to-day. One might make a first approach to this riddle with the analogy of a swinging rope. A man swings a rope round his head; "if we suppose the rope to strike a vertical post the free end will twine round it." Mr. Francis Darwin, who suggests this comparison, observes that the preliminary swinging of the rope corresponds to the behaviour of a twining plant before it finds a support. The young shoot, when a few inches high, curves strongly, so that the tip hangs over more or less horizontally. Then begins that wonderful sweeping round of the horizontal portion, which is done so rapidly that it can almost be seen. This process of circumnutation or revolving nutation can be well observed in the hop or the common bindweed. If the tip of the latter points W., for instance, at 3.50, it will be found pointing S.W. at 4.5, S. at 4.20, S.E. at 4.35 and E. at 4.50. This is the most rapid and regular case I have observed, though another day the same plant got through one quarter-circle in fifteen minutes. The usual time taken by a complete revolution is about two hours. The process is continuous and goes on at night.

Darwin held that twining is a continuation of circumnutation. The latter enables a plant to find a support. When found the revolving continues, in the same direction, round the same axis, which is now materialised. As the spiral grows,

the plant clings tighter, owing to stretching of the coils. Modern physiologists do not, as a rule, accept Darwin's view, though they admit that circumnutation has something to do with twining.

This chief question is clearly connected with geotropism, the reaction of the plant to gravitation. Plants do not twine horizontally or downwards. The movement of twining is clearly a roundabout way of finding and keeping the vertical. It may be termed spiral geotropism. Mr. Francis Darwin compares it to the wobble of a bicycle. The tyro moves forward by a series of lurches to either side, a rudimentary form of rectilinear progress. More appropriate still is his comparison of the paramecium. This little marine animal swims by means of cilia. Owing to their set, it swims in a curve. This would result in a circle if the animal did not also revolve about its own axis. Hence it moves forward in a spiral, like a living screw. Most twiners twist round their axis, but this is not the cause of twining. *Wistaria sinensis* (an intelligent plant which twines, so to speak, only when it is obliged to do so), the hop and the honeysuckle twist one way but twine the other. Yet twining has some effect upon twist; a bindweed which has outgrown a short support twists violently when it can no longer twine. The study of twining is following this principle; but irritability and inner movements, however instinctive or even intelligent, are themselves dependent on the mechanical behaviour of molecules and atoms. A tendency to right-handedness in spiral structure, and therefore in spiral movement, may be connected (if not with heliotropism, which is not likely) with the relation between the directions of motion of the earth and the sun. The possibilities of rotation, at least, are enormous, and as yet hardly in the first stage of discovery. A. E. C.

## THE KITE.

**O**F the indigenous and resident species of birds met with in the British Islands, more particularly among the birds of prey, none possesses greater scientific and historic interest than the splendid red kite (*Milvus milvus*), which is also known as the gled or glead, on account of its gliding flight. The term "red" is derived from the general colour of its plumage, while the epithet

"royal," often applied to this species, has its origin in the fact that the pursuit of the kite in olden days was considered the highest branch of falconry, only the most highly-trained falcons, generally the property of a sovereign, being able to bring down such quarry. The great expanse of its pinions, measuring more than five feet from tip to tip, and its long, deeply-forked tail can be seen to their greatest advantage when the bird is soaring



O. G. Pike.

THE HOME OF THE KITE.

Copyright

round and round in majestic circles with scarcely any apparent movement of its wings. At such times its appearance is a sight calculated to inspire the most indifferent observer and to stay the hand of even the most ardent gamekeeper.

Some four hundred years ago the kite was abundant in the streets of London and played a useful and important part as scavenger in that and other large towns; and as the late Mr. Wolley remarked, few "who see the paper toys hovering over the parks in fine days of summer, have any idea that the bird, from which they derive their name, used to float all day in hot weather high over the heads of their ancestors."

Even in the beginning of last century a kite on the wing was by no means an uncommon sight in rural England; but

serious efforts were first made by the members of the British Ornithologists' Club to save the remnant of this splendid species from complete extermination in this country, only some three pairs and a few odd birds were known to survive in a very limited district in Wales.

In the early spring of that year Mr. J. H. Salter of Aberystwith addressed a letter to the members of the British Ornithologists' Club calling their attention to the threatened extinction of the kite in Great Britain, and as it seems to set forth very clearly the true facts of this lamentable state of affairs, it is here quoted in full :

"I take the present opportunity of enlisting the sympathies of members of the B.O. Club on behalf of the few remaining Welsh kites. For all practical purposes the kite now breeds nowhere in the British Islands, but in a very limited district of South Wales. It is difficult to speak with certainty as to the exact number which remain, but there are certainly three, and probably five or six pairs—eight would be the outside limit. (The total number of kites in Wales was probably about nine individuals.) Taking the British Islands as a whole, the kite is thus one of our rarest resident Raptore. Though thus reduced, its numbers do not appear to have decreased much during the past ten years. Most of the large landowners protect it as far as they are able; the farmers and shepherds are apathetic or indifferent. Its haunts are not threatened by the spread of cultivation, and they lie beyond the pale of game preserving. Hence it is only very occasionally that a kite is shot; and, if only allowed to breed, the race might still have a long lease of life. It is, however, most exceptional for any of these pairs to bring off young, owing to the greed of the egg-collectors.

"The kite resorts year after year to the same oak-wood, and there builds or repairs its large and conspicuous nest before there is a leaf upon the trees. These localities are well known, and the nests are invariably raided. Private collectors might in time be satisfied, but not so the dealers—some of them so-called 'naturalists.' One of these, hailing from Pembrokeshire, has visited the district annually for the past ten years, and has seldom failed to secure the contents of three nests. He states that at £5 the clutch he has far more orders for kite's eggs than he can supply. No young are reared to take the place of an occasional bird which is shot, and thus the species dwindles, and must, but for timely action, soon become extinct in Wales. Its extermination will be due solely to the egg-collectors, few of whom have any interest in the bird itself, or know anything of its haunts. To all appearance there must be wealthy private collectors who wish to acquire a large series of the eggs of this vanishing species, probably with the idea of their value being much enhanced when the bird itself has finally disappeared.

Some ten years since the thanks of the Zoological Society of London were conveyed to a number of

naturalists in Mid-Wales for their efforts to protect the kite. Several farmers and shepherds also do their best, in spite of the large bribes which are offered. But such attempts at protection are very rarely successful. The egg-stealers watch their chance, come at earliest daylight or (as in a recent instance) while the farmer is at church. It is hoped that the B.O.C. will issue an appeal, asking naturalists to refrain from buying British-taken eggs of the kite. If the members would also give strong expression to their opinions as to the desirability of trying to retain this fine species as a British bird, such an appeal (backed by the names of prominent naturalists) could be forwarded to Welsh landowners and would be likely to stimulate their interest in the kite and increase their desire to protect it. Two County Councils (out of three concerned) have taken out orders protecting both the



O. G. Ptke.

ALIGHTING.

Copyright.

when it ceased to afford the highest form of sport to the falconer and greater attention began to be paid to the destruction of "vermin" on the moors, it was rapidly exterminated throughout the greater part of the country. In Scotland the value attached to its tail-feathers for making salmon-flies was an additional reason for trapping and shooting it on all possible occasions, and though it is still supposed to survive in a few localities, no direct evidence that it really does so appears to have been forthcoming during recent years.

In the woods of Lincolnshire, where it was once plentiful, it probably ceased to nest about 1870; and in 1903, when



O. G. Pike.

THE KITE'S NEST.

Copyright.

bird and its eggs, but, in the absence of all provision for its enforcement, such legislation remains of course a dead letter.

"As we fail to influence public opinion, and thus decrease the demand for the kites' eggs, nothing remains but to employ watchers. Arrangements are being made to try this plan during the coming breeding season. In the event of its being successful an appeal will probably be made another year to well-wishers of the kite asking them to aid in defraying the expense, which will be considerable. But as this mode of protection is first to be tried tentatively in one or two cases, it is unnecessary to ask for such assistance at present."

Such was the status of the kite in 1903, and on receipt of Mr. Salter's letter a committee was appointed and a fund raised, with the late Mr. Howard Saunders as treasurer, to ensure the protection of the remaining kites and to prevent, if possible, their nests from being robbed. Since that date their nests have been carefully watched, with the kind co-operation of some of the Welsh landowners, more particularly Lord Cawdor, while the Rev. D. Edmonds Owen and Mr. Gwynne Vaughan have also been most zealous in their help. The result was that in 1904, probably for the first time in ten years, two pairs of kites succeeded in bringing off their broods, consisting of two young ones each. By the order of Lord Cawdor a hut was built for a watcher so close to one nest that it was a matter of surprise that the old birds continued their nesting operations and reared their young, as both the man and his dog were continually within fifty yards of the nesting site.

Each successive year the various pairs of kites have been watched over as far as was possible, and have slowly but steadily increased, till at the present time there is every reason to hope that, with continued care, the British race may once more become firmly established. The report for 1910 is most satisfactory, and the following are briefly the facts as they were announced by Mr. Meade-Waldo at a recent meeting of the British Ornithologists' Club. Of the four nests which had been watched, three contained young which were successfully reared. One nest had three young ones, another two, and a third one; the fourth nest was forsaken during incubation. The nest in which

only one young bird was reared originally contained two nestlings; but one of these, which had apparently been blown out of the nest during a violent storm, was found dead at the foot of the tree.

It had been suggested that our stock of British kites still existing in Wales had probably become infertile through old age and interbreeding; but this appears to be by no means the case, and, on the contrary, they seem to be remarkably fertile, only one addled egg having been found in the nests that were examined in 1910. The number of birds now appears to be about twenty, and it is gratifying to be able to record the appearance this autumn of a pair nearly thirty miles from their headquarters. Every precaution is being taken to preserve them from destruction, and it is earnestly to be hoped that as these and other young pairs spread further afield they may meet with a kind reception in whatever place they may select as their home. As no fresh blood has been introduced, these birds are all the descendants of our own British race, for the Welsh kites are resident all the year round in their restricted range. This is not the case in Northern Europe, where the kite is only a summer visitor.

The Welsh landowners are universally in favour of preserving these beautiful and harmless birds, and the observations of the watchers, who have never left the nests either by day or night, prove that their food consists mostly of carrion, such as "scare-crow" rooks, lambs' heads, dead rats, young rabbits, etc. The old birds, which are very tame, feed their young morning and evening. When on the wing the kite is one of the most graceful birds imaginable, and, when hunting, is so much in evidence that winged game has ample warning of its proximity, while its short legs, small feet and extreme awkwardness on the ground render it by no means a formidable adversary.

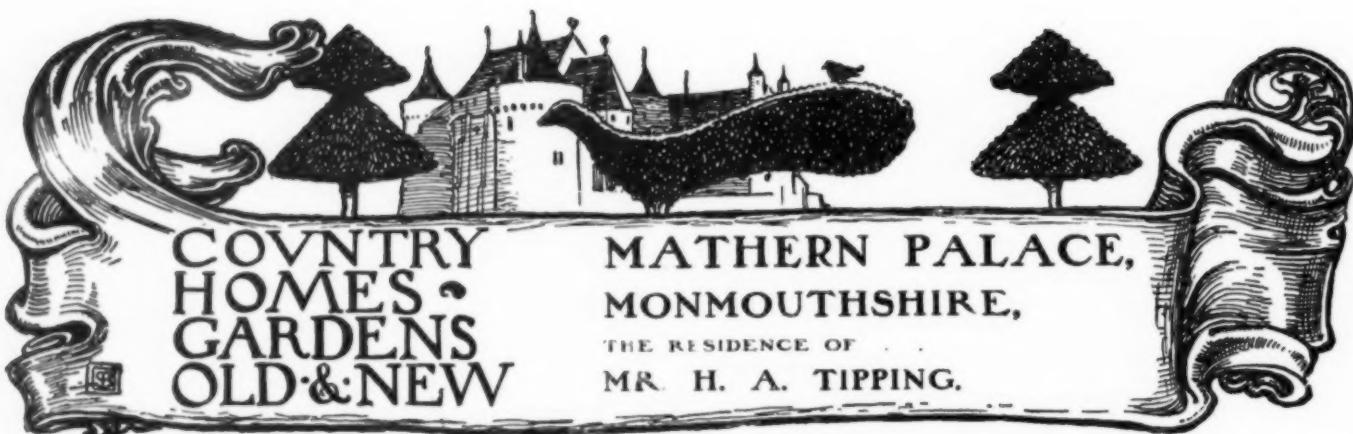
The large nest, which is placed in the crutch of a tree and generally very easy of access, is made of sticks, almost always intermixed with rags, pieces of newspaper, old shoes and socks or some such rubbish built into it; hence the advice of Autolycus, "When the kite builds, look to lesser linen." The same nest is never occupied two years in succession, but the same locality is frequently resorted to. The young remain for about ten weeks in the nest, and frequent the locality for some time after they are on the wing. Three eggs appear to be the full complement, and two are usually found if the bird lays a second time.

In these days it is almost inconceivable that the kite, much less the vulture, should ever have been regarded as a possible article of food; but our remote ancestors may have held different views, for we find in Deuteronomy, "Ye shall not eat the glede, the kite and the vulture"! It seems an extraordinary thing that in order to save this vanishing species it should be necessary to protect it from those who should be the first to preserve it, viz., the British ornithologists; but such is unfortunately the case. The photograph of a kite sitting on a rock, taken by Mr. Oliver Pike, has already appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of December 8th, 1906; but it is such an excellent portrait of the bird that it has been thought advisable to reproduce it with the present article.

W. R. OGILVIE-GRANT.



KITES AS SHOWN IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM (NATURAL HISTORY).



UNTIL it was in recent times disposed of by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the episcopal palace that stands close to the church of the Monmouthshire parish of Mathern was a possession of the See of Llandaff, and had been so for a period of thirteen hundred years. So at least we are told, but we must remember that this takes us back to somewhat legendary days in Welsh history, and that the spirit of romance which has given us the story of Arthur tinges the origin of Mathern as a place-name. It is related that Arthur's father, Meurig, ruled the land of Gwent as the sixth century was drawing to its close, his pious father, Tewdrig, having retired from the affairs of his kingdom to a hermit's cell. But the land was threatened by the pagan Saxons and the men of Gwent were close pressed. They therefore called upon their old king to come forth from his retreat and once more lead them to battle. They called upon him not in vain, for on the Wye bank, where six hundred years later was to arise the stately Cistercian house of Tintern, he won a great and decisive victory for his folk and for his faith. But he won it at the sacrifice of his own life. Sore wounded he begged to be carried home, but desired that, if he did not live to reach it, he should be buried at the spot where he died, and that a chapel should be erected over him. Where a limpid spring wells up from the ground in the lowland beyond Chepstow and by Severn-side he breathed his last, and the holy well is still shown. Meurig fulfilled his father's behest. The land around passed to the church, and the place of the martyrdom of this British Saint has ever since been known as Merthyr Tewdrig or Mathern.

A thousand years later an antiquarian Bishop of Llandaff declares that he discovered Tewdrig's coffin and found his bones not in the smallest degree changed, the skull retaining the

aperture of a large wound, which appeared as if it had been recently inflicted. Imagination, no doubt, has decked out this story, but in substance it is probably true. The stream that runs through the parish is still known as Meurig's, and gives name to the hamlet of Pwlmeiric. Moreover, King Meurig was certainly well disposed towards the religious movement of his age, which was that of Dubricius and of Teilo, the founders of the semi-monastic organisations out of which the diocese arose, and who are therefore set down as its first bishops. For eight centuries after their time Mathern was merely one of their many possessions rather than a place of their residence. They were lords of the manor of Llandaff, and from Llandaff Castle they ruled. After the advent of the Normans they were more often English than Welsh, and were looked upon as leaders of the English garrison that kept the Welsh in subjection. No wonder, then, that during the disturbed times following the usurpation of Henry IV., which encouraged the Welsh to rise under Owen Glendwr, Bishop Peverell was deemed an enemy and Llandaff Castle was taken and sacked. When the English rule was once more established and Glendwr lay in his nameless grave, Peverell's successor, a cadet of the lordly house of de Zouche, refrained from rebuilding the ruined castle and cast his eye on Mathern. Its situation between the great and strong castles of Chepstow and Caldicot protected it against native outbreaks, and, if the worst came to the worst, an alien prelate could easily run down to the water's edge and take boat to the English shore. It is to Bishop de la Zouche, therefore, that we owe some of the existing fabric of Mathern Palace. But most of the features recall the style of the first of the Tudors rather than the second of the Lancastrians, and we know that Bishop Miles Salley, who ruled the See during the opening years of the sixteenth century, was responsible for much of the building. This we learn, and



Copyright.

THE ENTRANCE ON NORTH-EAST FRONT.

COUNTRY LIFE.

also something of the part played by de la Zouche, from one of their successors, Francis Godwin, who wrote a "Catalogue of English Bishops," and, short and concise as the book is, made an exception in the case of his own palace, and tells us a few words as to its origin. It was no longer, when he came there, in such good order as it had been left by Salley, soon after whose time John Leland, the topographer, had visited it and declared it to

Dunstan had been his monkish name, and he had been of the Benedictine House of Westminster ere he obtained the Eynsham abbacy in 1530. This he freely surrendered when the hour of its dissolution came, and the See of Llandaff was his reward. But he was by no means against the old order when that again became dominant, and was for the Roman supremacy while Mary reigned. It was then that Rawlins White, the Cardiff



Copyright.

THE TOWER, PORCH AND ORIEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

be a "preaty pyle in Base Venteland." Leland's visit coincided with the time of Henry VIII.'s attack upon the church, and that attack culminated, in his younger daughter's day, in the temporal ruin of the Llandaff Bishops. Among the numerous time-servers and self-seekers of the Reformation age, Anthony Kitchin holds an evil place. As Miles Salley had been before him, so was he Abbot of Eynsham before he was Bishop of Llandaff.

fisherman who had imbibed Protestant doctrines and become a local preacher, was brought to Matheron and arraigned for heresy before the Bishop. At first he escaped with incarceration, but, continuing obstinate, he was burned at the stake at Cardiff on one market day when the town was crowded. The accession of Elizabeth, however, brought the Bishop to another mind, and the burner of heretics was the only one of the Marian bishops

who could be persuaded to take Elizabeth's oath of supremacy. Thus he clung to his bishopric till his death in 1663, although, as he had succeeded in ruining it, there was, as Bishop Godwin put it, "no great cause he should be so loath to leave it." The same authority tells us that he sold in parcels all the episcopal farms with the exception of a very few, and let out the rest on very long leases, receiving extremely small payments. Well might he be called "the Calamity of the See," for he granted away the Manor of Llandaff, the possession of which had given the mediaeval bishops a place among the Lords Marchers, and when, forty years later, Francis Godwin came to rule the diocese, Mathern was the only residence that remained to the bishops.

As a certain amount of work undoubtedly of Godwin's time survives, we may take it that he was the third and last bishop who built here. But when the present owner acquired the property in 1894 so much of the building had disappeared, and what was left was in so ruinous a condition, that it no longer afforded clear evidence as to when and how it was erected or altered by the successive prelates. The gatehouse that gave admission to the outer court was certainly erected by de la Zouche. It will have been a three-storeyed tower, such as was usual in his day and such as we still find at the neighbouring houses of Itton, St. Pierre and Pencoed. It must have been greater and finer than any of these if we are to give credit to the tradition, dating back almost to the day of its destruction, that speaks

of its arched way as "sufficiently large to admit two waggons abreast." After the bishops deserted their home early in the eighteenth century it soon became material for farm buildings, and the saddle-back mouldings of its parapet were found to be most conveniently shaped to form the louvres or ventilating slits of the barns, of which its side walls still form the ends. The way in is the same, but arch and tower are gone, except that we may still see the remains of an iron hook on which swung one of the great doors, and the stone doorway into the newel stair which gave access to the rooms above. That de la Zouche was its builder we know from inscribed stones that came from it and are now in the museum at Caerleon. They declare it to have been built in the year of our Lord 1419, the seventh of King Henry V. A more elaborately-carved stone represents angels supporting a shield, which ingeniously and in few words gives the concentrated essence of the Athanasian Creed. These stones were described by a writer in 1776 as having been "till within these few years" over the Mathern gateway, and thus we know the dates both of the erection and of the destruction of this fine specimen of late Plantagenet work. Facing its vacant site still stands, much in its original state, the north-east elevation of the Palace. How much of its fabric we owe to de la Zouche and how much to Salley it is difficult to determine. There is no doubt that the latter remodelled the building, but in the first or black-letter edition of Godwin's

"Catalogue," published in 1601, we read the words: "John la Zouche a Frier minor, and doctor of Divinitie. It should seeme that this man built either a great part, or else happily all of the house at Mathern neere Chepstow, the only house that is nowe left the Bishop to put his head in. His armes fixed in divers places of the wals and windowes, to my judgement import so much." In a later edition this matter of his arms is again insisted on, and the gateway and tower are specially marked out as his. But Miles Salley is now introduced on to the scene, and Godwin tells us that he has heard from several men far advanced in years that Salley had constructed a great part of the Palace, the chapel, the entrance hall, the refectory with its adjoining tower, and also the kitchen and its contiguous buildings. The high end window of the chapel, with some simple tracery and with sculptured heads terminating its drip-stone, remains almost intact, but a hawthorn tree obscures all but this drip-stone in the accompanying illustration. The chapel itself seems to have been a small and plain affair tacked on to de la Zouche's building, and perhaps a mere conversion of a portion of it, for original windows, placed so as to light two storeys of ordinary rooms, occupy the sides, and an upstairs chimney arch was found. Its original disposition and features were obliterated when this part of the building was transformed into a dairy and a granary for farm purposes. The only tower now remaining is that which contains the newel staircase next to the double oriel which juts out above the arched entrance. That, however, is not, as Godwin mentions, next to the refectory, but next to the entrance hall. The



Copyright.

THE WEST WING FROM THE ROCK GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

entrance hall was a room about forty feet long, but of single-storey height, and from it was entered the refectory—certainly one of Salley's additions—which occupied the south-east side of a little inner quadrangle about forty feet across. Most of this refectory is gone, though one of its high windows—four-lighted, arch-headed and transomed—is in the remaining portion, now used as a dining-room. This dining-hall was forty-eight feet long, and facing it across the quadrangle were the kitchens, largely rebuilt by Bishop Godwin, and their original purpose barely traceable in 1894, when they formed a ruinous cart-horse stable. Kitchens and refectory will have been joined by a low building occupying the fourth or south-west side of the quadrangle. No doubt the butteries were placed here; but as nothing but foundations remain, this is only conjectural. The gradual decay of the place will have begun not long after Godwin's time. In his day the revenues of the See, despoiled by Kitchin, amounted to little over one hundred and fifty pounds a year. Fortunately he had other means, for he is described to us as "certainly a very great symonack," and gathered for himself and his relations all the preferment he could, including the Somersetshire livings given him by his father, the Bishop of Wells. Nor did he look upon Llandaff as more than a stepping-stone, and the second and improved edition of his book won him Royal approbation and translation to Hereford in 1617. But his successor, Theophilus Field, wrote of himself, "silver and gold have I none," so that it hardly needed the destructive tendencies of Commonwealth times to bring poverty and dilapidation upon the See and its buildings, ecclesiastical and domestic.

The Restoration brought little amendment. The bishops who were appointed to Llandaff were, indeed, allowed to hold other preferment. So that until the time of Queen Anne they did find means to keep Matherm in repair and make it their habitual dwelling. They held their ordinations in the parish church close by more often than they did in the Cathedral at Llandaff, and in 1663 we find a deacon ordained in "the chapel or oratory in the Palace at Matherm." In this chapel the bishops were also wont to sit and hear causes affecting the morals and discipline of their clergy. Hither a few days before the Christmas of 1671 came the Rev. Theophilus Price and the Rev. Matthew Walters, the former confessing that he had married the latter in clandestine fashion to Eleanor Price, and the latter confessing that he had been so married. The record informs us that "in so difficult a matter" the bishop could come to no decision as he was preparing for his Christmas. The reverend gentlemen, therefore, had to return the following February, when the bishop decreed their suspension "for such excess of rashness." But it all seems to have been somewhat of a storm in a teacup, for a month later they appeared a third time and were reinstated in their cures. The last time that we hear of a bishop transacting ecclesiastical business at Matherm was in 1697, when the right of presenting to a living was considered by Bishop Beaw. Two years later, however, those interested in a similar case had to travel to Oxfordshire, where the bishop held the living of Adderbury.



Copyright.

IN TULIP-TIME.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

which he found a more lucrative office and a more convenient place of residence. He considered himself a very ill-used man in that no better bishopric than Llandaff had been provided for him, and even in his eighty-fourth year he had by no means given up his hope of translation. He had fought as a Royalist major of horse in the Civil Wars. He was captured, imprisoned and stripped of his belongings. Then he went abroad, and earned his bread as a soldier of fortune in the armies of the Czar of Moscow and of the King of Sweden. At the Restoration it was pointed out to him that a reward for his services could be most easily provided through the Church, and so he took Orders. Little, however, was done for him, and it was nineteen years before he obtained the bishopric of Llandaff. This "little thing" he only doubtfully accepted upon the persuasion of his friends and in expectation of something better. He thought it his duty to live not according to his means, but "answerable to his dignity," and he gives a vivid, if somewhat secular, picture of his life at Matherm: "I was free in my housekeeping, I observed no days of fasting or retiring, but all days were equally designed for others, though I fasted myself, for entertainment, come whoso would. The meanest vicar or curate never sent hungry away, if he came before or at meal-time; bread and beer were freely distributed at my door every day. My gates stood open to all comers, and they were not a few, that came for provision of that kind, nor is bread and beer a cheap commodity in the place of my residence, but the dearest of any place in the kingdom, yet this was the manner of my living in expectation of a remove which I could not think but would be sudden." The "remove" he hoped for and failed to get was the See of Hereford. As

ill-luck would have it, the bishop "thought not good to go out of the world" under Charles or James, who might have given it to Beaw, but continued to live in a most selfish manner until William was King, when, as the disappointed old man wrote with bitterness to the Archbishop, "a brother of mine, who was on the watch and too quick for me made the first catch at the bishopric and carried it." His episcopal revenues hardly sufficed for the repairs of his old and somewhat dilapidated premises, and he deserted them in favour of Adderbury, where he died in 1706. After his time, a fortnight every other year was considered the proper attention to give to their diocese by his successors.

No wonder that the already decayed Palace went to ruin and was by no means a convenient and comfortable habitation even for the farmers who came to inhabit it. Half a century after Beaw's death, Bishop Pococke of Ossory, one of the early patrons of that revival of the Gothic taste which we associate with Horace Walpole and Strawberry Hill, saw Mathern during



Copyright.

CUT YEWS AND ROSE ARCHES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

one of his travels, and did not agree with Leland that it was a "preaty pyle." "It is but a mean building," wrote he in his note-book, and passed along on the other side to inspect the finer, though equally ruined, architecture of Caldicot Castle. Again half a century, and another clerical visitor came this way and viewed the decayed structure more carefully. In his "Historical Tour in Monmouthshire," published in 1801, William Cox, a Somersetshire rector, tells us that "The palace, which is a quadrangular building, inclosing a court yard, is now

converted into a farm house, and is in a sad state of dilapidation; it still, however, preserves some remains of ancient grandeur, and from its irregularities has a picturesque effect. The outside ornaments of the eastern window of the chapel are still visible. The dilapidations have even extended to the library, which was once not inconsiderable. There now remains only a few worm-eaten volumes of the ancient fathers, without covers, and mouldering into dust." Decay continued and asserted itself more and more as the nineteenth century wore on. The



Copyright

A GRASS ALLEY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

farmer deserted the house and put his labourers to live in it, and it was only the agricultural depression of twenty years ago that brought him back to its leaking roofs and wind-swept rooms. Its amenities, therefore, were certainly not more than potential when the present owner set himself the task of making it habitable as a place of modern residence with as little serious interference as possible with its picturesque aspect and archaeological interest.

The north-east or entrance elevation was so excellent and little-altered an example of late Gothic domestic architecture

without striking any jarring note. Nor had much more to be done on the opposite side. There was no attempt to rebuild the destroyed sections of the quadrangle. The main block, with its fine deep-set windows of ashlar and its arched doorway, was in good condition. The all-pervading cloak of ivy was torn down and choice creepers set in its place. Everything was overhauled and repaired, but this was done without any alteration of the general condition or interference with the patina of age. The ruined refectory was left as it was. The roofed portion, which the farmer had used as a cider cellar and loft above,



Copyright.

IN THE OLD QUADRANGLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

that it was practically left alone. There was some repairing, but no restoration. The stone-tiled roof was overhauled, a few mullions that had been broken out were replaced, a few windows that had been blocked up were reopened. But where the farm occupancy had added a feature or made a considerable change, these were left. The original flat roof of the high part of the building next the tower had been replaced by a steep one, and that was not removed. Neither were the steps and the doorway up to the granary. They tell the tale of the age of decline

was made into a high but narrow dining-room, out of which opens the conservatory that uses old walls for three of its sides, while the one that is new is composed of oak mullioning and leaded lights, and harmonises quite well with its surroundings. The west or kitchen wing, largely rebuilt by Godwin but afterwards used as a cart-horse stable and other farm shedding, was in evil plight. The upper storey was a hayloft, and portions of Godwin's oak mullioned windows remained for its ventilation. These were carefully preserved, and the same section

was used for the framing of the windows that were reopened. The west side of this building was in really unsafe condition, and possessed no architectural feature whatever. It had to be adapted to domestic purposes, and it was, therefore, treated in a free manner. A gable was thrown out westward to form the large L-shaped oak parlour that is here illustrated. The shedding at the southern end was converted into a flower-room below and a gazebo or well-lighted workshop above. But the north end of this wing was more difficult to deal with, and the treatment adopted is open to criticism. It was then merely a ruinous farm building, but evidently had been the oldest part of the Palace, earlier perhaps than de Zouche's time. This was shown by what survived of the stonework of the twin light Gothic window that appears on the right-hand side of the illustration



Copyright.

FROM THE SOUTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the entrance elevation. It was thought well to draw attention to the age of this feature by reopening it as a window and replacing the lost portions. The tracery is new, but as the outer side of the cusped head-stones remained, the whole thing was renewed with fair accuracy. It was absolutely necessary for the working of the house that a staircase should be placed on one side of this window, and a similar but narrower window was introduced to light it. This was an error. If, under the circumstances, the restoration of the old one was permissible, the new window should not have entered into competition with it, but should have been plainly and massively framed in unmoulded oak. The little window in the gable above is quite delightful, but it may puzzle future antiquarians, for it does not belong to this building or to this county, but to Bourton-on-the-Water in the Cotswolds.



Copyright.

THE OAK PARLOUR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

On the east side of the old Palace it was urgent to provide considerable new accommodation, especially for offices. This took the form of buildings, modest both in feature and in height, running round two little courts. They had to be, but care was taken that they should not, either from their size or their elaboration, in any way compete with, or draw the eye away from, the old work and the leading lines of its composition. Inside there was little left of interest but a general condition of rottenness and decay.

There was, therefore, nothing in the way of creating a disposition more or less consonant with modern habits. There were oak beams of late Gothic section in the ceiling of one room, and blocked-up stone-arched fireplaces in some others. These were, of course, retained and given full value, and very simple treatment introduced in the get-up of the rooms. More was done in the case of the oak parlour, for this is essentially a new room, merely using some portions of old walling and taking remnants of Bishop Godwin's woodwork as the model for its window-frames and beam and rafter ceiling. The walls above the low wainscoting are rough-plastered and whitewashed. The floor is of ordinary red tile quarries beeswaxed, the dais in the recess being floored with oak. With two or three exceptions the furniture is all native and of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, while the ornaments and objects, if mostly Continental, have been selected and placed in the belief that they help to form a thoroughly harmonious composition.

If the house is essentially old, the gardens are absolutely new. The sordid untidiness of a hopelessly ill-contrived and unrepaired farmstead prevailed in 1894. There was a potato patch or two amid the rubbish-heaps, and some evidence still remained of a farmer's wife who had liked her few flowers but had not been able to cope with the difficulties of the situation. Here, again, care was taken not to lessen the value of the picturesque but plain old building by detailed architectural effect. Terraces were laid out on the southern slope, but they were walled simply and with the local limestone. A good deal of pavement was used, and broad grass-ways, edged with borders and backed by yew hedges, were contrived. The steeper slope to the west was made into a rock garden leading down to old fish ponds, where a good deal of water gardening was introduced. All this was taken out of a field and orchard, the trees of which were retained, and a matured effect was almost at once produced. The climate and the soil are good, and the whole of the gardens, as the illustrations will show, are rich in floral effect. The simple, old-fashioned aspect of the English country home of the past that had its farmery attached and that drew no hard-and-fast division between its flower and vegetable gardens has been sought for and obtained.

The title of the house has descended from the days of the episcopal lords marchers, and it implies a certain grandeur in no way reflected by the place as it is to-day. It aims at being a quiet home where the simple life may be led.

## THE OLD STONES.

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

**A** FORETIME there were antiquaries who saw in Dartmoor evidences not a few of Druidic rites and ritual; but such fancies have perished, and we now perceive that our rude monuments date from Neolithic days and were already ancient before the mighty trilithons of Stonehenge rose into their places.

Time has dimmed the significance of these relics lifted in the later Age of Stone, yet one may aim at their meaning and guess why that ancient folk set up these rows and heaps and hypathral circles still to be met with in remote places of the desert; we may perceive without question where conscious intelligence burned its dead and planted the stone foundations of its home, lighted its bale-fire to warn the clans, its bon-fire for their rejoicing. Before such evidence of vanished man, Nature's own rock idols, her lifted logans, her pierced stones, her granite basins—so truly cut through countless centuries that they were thought the work of Druid priests for lustral rites—all these awaken lesser interest. Dearer to human understanding are those haunts of mystery where the grey regiments of the parallelitha lead to graves and the solitary circles still stand in fearful loneliness, their purpose buried under huge weight of years. They lift up their separate stones in rings and appear among the remote hills; while the ruined lodges of those who possibly set them here may generally be found hard by, with their alignments and enclosures, their barrows and their cairns. But for what reason these great circles were erected we know not, and can only affirm that they are megalithic and universal, for similar monuments shall be found in the desert places of the Old World and the New. They may have stood for a market-place, a parliament, a temple; here men may have been slain or come together in peace and rejoicing: it matters not; the stones appeal to us with an added force by reason of their reticence. Their rude pillars gladden a reflective wanderer when he comes upon them, grey against gloom of storm or dark upon the curtain of the mist; their forms stealing along a moor ridge above him, or lying in the lap of some valley beneath, test human imagination and awaken interest, wonder, awe, in measure of the finder's own intelligence. They are a touchstone of feeling, and one may judge of a man's secret self by his attitude before these venerable things.

I love to waken the dead who placed them here, rebuild their homes, set up their leathern tents once again, lift the fallen fragments of their outer walls and revive them in the midst, with their women and children, their flocks and herds, their enemies and their friends. Now, indeed, they who trod these wastes and knew no other home are part of the earth again; the blood they shed made the peat the richer; the tears they shed are garnered; but while they have passed with the blue smoke that curled above their wigwams, the stones they piled and planted endure for ever. Their haunts are unchanged.

If those swart savages awoke once more to push the black hair out of their eyes and stare about them, not a line of the hills, scarcely a loop of the river, would roll strange to their seeing. Great mounds at brookside, where yesterday Elizabethan miners streamed for tin, might waken their wonder; and the dense woods of birch and alder that they knew have vanished; but all else remains even as they possessed it, and if they dug the green turf from the little hut circles of their homes, the charcoal of their last fires, the calcined stone, and even the broken potsherd might reward their search. The wolf and bear they would not find, but the sheep and cattle would amaze them by their number and their size.

Iron and brass they knew not; flint fetched from far was still their servant, and to this day the rabbit scratches up Neolithic man's implement from its burrow, or the mole, playing antiquary, throws a Stone warrior's weapon into light as he breaks the grass and piles dark mould in a little mound among the greater mounds of the cairns.

To escape from the obvious is imagination's pleasure in these theatres of old time. Thus one takes pleasure in knowing that not every monolith, great pile of earth or heap of stones is sepulchral. Doubtless some of them were beacons and signals; doubtless not a few were lifted to stand for renewed peace between the people, for witnesses of war ended, for solemn signs and compacts between the tribes. Even so Laban said to Jacob, "This heap be witness and this pillar be witness, that I will not pass over this heap to thee and that thou shalt not pass over this heap unto me, to do me harm."

And in such a light the Stone folk come closer and join hands, for their interests and hopes and ambitions are as easy to understand as our own. There is indeed little to choose between the past life of the people of the tents and that of the present outlying homesteads. They differ less than one might imagine after passage of so many years.

Nietzsche has said that if there are no firm, quiet lines on the horizon of his life—the lines of mountain and of forest—man's will becomes restless and of uncertain purpose; but to understand mountains and forests it is necessary that we should have faced cities.

They who live in the lap of Nature are children for ever and fail utterly of consciousness to appreciate their environment. Less, perhaps, than the Neolith does a modern Moor-man value the significance of hills and forests; for the Stone folk saw their gods in the thunder-cloud and the rock idol; rivers, lightning, tempest, were the objects of their natural religion; but to-day these things waken no inspiring thought in a rural mind, and the souls of the dwellers in the desert, despite all that has happened since, are no finer than that of the past hero whose ashes were laid with lamentation in the mountain-side.

The truth of this suspicion came home to me on a day gone by when I sat here by these eternal stones and watched night huddle them to her bosom under a sky of tender colour fading upon the west by gradations of red gold and purple. Great hills rolled under the gloaming; at hand the rocks of a circle, some still upright, some bent awry by burden of time, some fallen in the heather, were clustered darkly on their proper hill—like strange beings of another world, sprung from earth at a signal, to keep tryst, rehearse their adventures and part again.

But it was not the stones that I brought to life. They brought life to me, and among them moved suddenly two grey things—one tall and straight, one humped and shrunken. I heard the murmur of them, and they emerged from the circle and came toward me, an aged priest of earth and his acolyte, clad in vestments of corduroy with the badges of their worship on their shoulders.

No sympathy had this farmer and his son with the old men and their stone memorials. They were come through the circle from their working place far off, and the sight of these fine masses of granite, ready to hand and needing but little fabrication to fit them for wall or doorstep, lintel or gate-post, wakened their greed and anger.

I spoke with them, not knowing their mood and desiring to see whether there lurked in the mind of either some feeling for the past. Whereupon they displayed no lack of feeling indeed, but it was inspired by the requirements of the present. A muddled sense of right and an active consciousness of injury appeared in the old man. His son said little, but grunted affirmation to the speeches of his father. The younger was tall, with a fine body and a little head perched atop of a splendid neck; the elder wore a grizzled beard and was so round in the back that it fluttered to his navel as he poked forward.

"A fine circle, master," I said to the old man.

"Damn the circle," he answered. "Twouldn't be a fine circle long if us had our rights!"

"How's that?"

"Granite's granite, ban't it? And 'tis very well known us Venwill tenants have a proper right to it. And what do it matter because they 'old men' stuck it up? They've done with it, and 'tis ours by right and justice, and now a lot of dog-in-the-manger fools, who don't come up over once in a month o' Sundays, must needs knock their heads together, and the order goes forth we ban't to touch this stone nor yet that stone; and they grumble if we so much as split a rock or cart a boulder from the river. And all our own, mind you—all by law belongs to us—like the fuzz and the peat and everything. The wonder is that we be allowed to cut rexens [rushes] or take a trout out of a stream. Darn their impudence!"

"There's any amount of granite, surely, without knocking down these grand old things?"

"You do 'feather and tear' work for a month and then you'll think different! Lots of granite no doubt—so many lumps of granite as there be mumpheads in Plymouth—but why for shouldn't us use these here brave bits and save our sweat and our time? Ban't our time, as be money and food, more to us than the time of these zanies, as haven't got nothing better to do than bleat about stones? Not a 'roundy-poundy' must be touched, and not one of them old rows or walls or nothing. And all our own, mind you! They 'old men' picked the best stones for their needs and none troubled them, for 'twas a long time ago, afore this here blasted protection society got fussing on the Moor; and so we be worse off than them heathen savages, for they was free to do what they pleased and we are not. And if they could take what stones they liked, surely to God hard-working men nowadays did ought to be allowed to? And if us had the pluck of a partridge and all rose up and went to the Prince of Wales about it, no doubt he'd send the meddlesome toads about their business."

"There's a chap here and there helps himself and nothing's said," declared the younger man.

"Because nothing's known," answered his father. "And he's right, and I deny 'em and defy 'em; and I won't say yet but they won't find these gert stones shifted some fine morning. For if a man haven't no right to his own 'tis pity! But the law's gone so rotten nowadays that 'tis a question whether we're right to breathe without axing policeman fust."

"These things bring people up here and set the money moving," I suggested.

"Bother the people! Us don't want 'em. Me and my son and my son's wife don't want 'em. They come poking in our place, as if we was a public-house, just because 'tis terrible out o' the way and they want to hear their own voices. I don't hold with it, and more don't my son."

They accepted tobacco, grumbled a little longer and showed how, given the point of view, to find the man is an easy task. This aged soul, his back weary from the labour of splitting

granite and his moral sense outraged at the spirit of antiquarianism, found joy in these revelations of his notorious wrongs. Gradually he grew more and more cheerful as he enumerated them. From general injustice common to his tribe—from the grievances and disabilities under which all Moor-men labour—he proceeded to personal and peculiar griefs. After the weather and the winter and the general toils and tribulations of old age on Dartmoor, he dwelt upon his own lot. Night gathered while I listened to him, and his son, weary of delay, told the old man to hasten. But he did not immediately depart.

"You trapse along to her," he said, "and I'll be after you afore the pot's lifted." Then, when the younger was gone, he spoke again.

"There's another cruel shameful thing! A masterpiece he is—that boy; but he must needs wed one of them trolleying giglets as can't keep the holes out of her stockings, let alone his. A proper untidy terror; and since my wife be took—she went long afore I could spare her in comfort—my son's wife have reigned over us. She's fifteen year older than him, and 'tis his only joy to know he'll outlast her. No childer and her mind all for frill-de-dills and foolery."

"You couldn't get on without her though, I'll wager."

"Couldn't us? I'd ordain to do without her very clever I promise you; and so would my son."

"A good cook, perhaps?"

"Not a chance! Proper belly-vengeance food she gives us. 'Twill be the death of me yet. I'd have put a bit of my savings into false teeth five year ago but for her. But 'twould be death to 'em to use 'em upon her cauterries."

"Well, good-night—I mustn't keep you any longer."

"'Tis all one to me whether I bide or not. I never sleep of a night. No power of sleep is in me now at all. 'Tis years since you might say as I've had any proper, mortal sleep. And yet that woman swears I snore till the granite treads shake in my house."

"Good luck and a good supper!"

"Thank you for the wish," he said. "But such things ban't for me. My luck lies beyond the grave, no doubt."

He was now in the best of spirits, and insisted on shaking hands. Then he hobbled away into the darkness and I was left to reorder thought and readjust emotion. My attitude, unlike the labourer's, was one of obligation to those who had arrested the destruction of the old stones. For they are very good to see and think upon; this granite that vanished hands dragged hopefully to build a home, or sadly to mark a grave, may well be suffered to stand; and since "Time, which antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things, hath yet spared these minor monuments," we may do the like and cherish the old stones, so harmonious, so solemn and so still, that link us through time with those vanished shepherds who played their part in the morning of days.

#### THE CIRCLE.

Where shepherd darkness folds the fading day  
And faints the West beneath the world's wide brim,  
There stands a brotherhood, remote and dim,  
Of cowled and hooded wights rolled up in granite grey.

Spirits of dusk from out a far-off prime  
Beyond the shadowy pale of bygone e'd,  
Immutable and constant and unquelled  
They hold their everlasting state and tryst with Time

These stones have seen the red-eyed wolf pack throng  
To slay the fleeting elk upon the waste,  
And they have marked the cave bear's clumsy haste,  
Shuffling great golden furze and ragged rocks among

O cirque, what meanest thou? Sepulchral lore,  
Or ritual of the quick? Did thirsty god  
Drink blood of sacrifice upon this sod?  
Art though a temple wrought for deities of yore?

What dread, what joy, what Neolithic rule,  
What shouts of agony or peans of praise  
Awoke, ye stones, the morning of your days?  
They answer not, but seek the crepuscule.

The Stone Man lifted them; his hairy hand  
They felt and knew, when Night's eternal brow  
Gleamed with another diadem than now,  
Ere Egypt's mountain graves pressed on the desert sand.

Bowed but enduring, Time hath failed to break  
That emblem of eternity they trace  
Upon the bosom of this desolate place;  
And holy shall it be for their most ancient sake.

They have withdrawn upon the unseen light  
Of immemorial time; the vanished past  
Receives them once again to haunt her vast—  
A sanctity beyond wild Chaos and old Night.

## LONGHORN CATTLE.

WE are always glad to illustrate a herd of Longhorn cattle. It is not only that this breed was at one time the favourite one in the greater part of both England and Ireland, but it is coming again into fashion and carries with it the pleasantest associations. Robert Bakewell worked upon it in producing the famous Dishley cattle, which were also called the new Leicestershire Longhorn. Culley, in his observations on livestock, described them as small, clean-boned, round, short-carcased, kindly-looking cattle, and he thought the grazier could not too highly value them, though he thought that their milking qualities had deteriorated. They did, however, to some extent realise the idea of Bakewell himself, "that you can get beasts to weigh where you want them to weigh, that is, in roasting pieces, and not in boiling pieces." The new breed of Longhorns, such as we illustrate to-day, are not only picturesque, with their magnificent horns, but an excellent dual-purpose breed, very good both as milk-producers and as meat-producers. Further, it is claimed for them that they are most valuable for crossing purposes, especially when the strengthening of constitution is desired. As cheese-producers they also stand in the first rank, as the milk throws up more curd than that of any other breed, while it ranks in richness next to that of the Jersey. Mr. William Hanson Sale of Arden Hill, Atherstone, illustrations of whose herd appear with this article, considers that a Longhorn-Jersey cross is an ideal milking cow, and a first cross with Shorthorns results in cows with good udders that are splendid dairy cattle. The breed seems possessed of the strongest possible influence, and, as a rule, the cross-breeds all possess, like pure Longhorns, a white back. Another good cross is with the West Highland cattle, the steers resulting from this venture being first-class butcher's cattle. The animals are extremely docile and tractable, are possessed of either drooping or widely-branching horns, have

forty pounds to forty-eight pounds, while one was sold privately last year for fifty pounds. In bygone days we read of cattle possessed by the Fowlers, Astleys, Burberys, Princes and many others, Bakewell included, making from one hundred and fifty pounds to two hundred pounds each, and should the Argentine breeders once take them up, as they would be wise in doing, for crossing purposes, they would again make long figures.



H. G. Parsons.

ARDEN PREMIER.

Copyright.



H. G. Parsons.

PUTLEY GAY LAD.

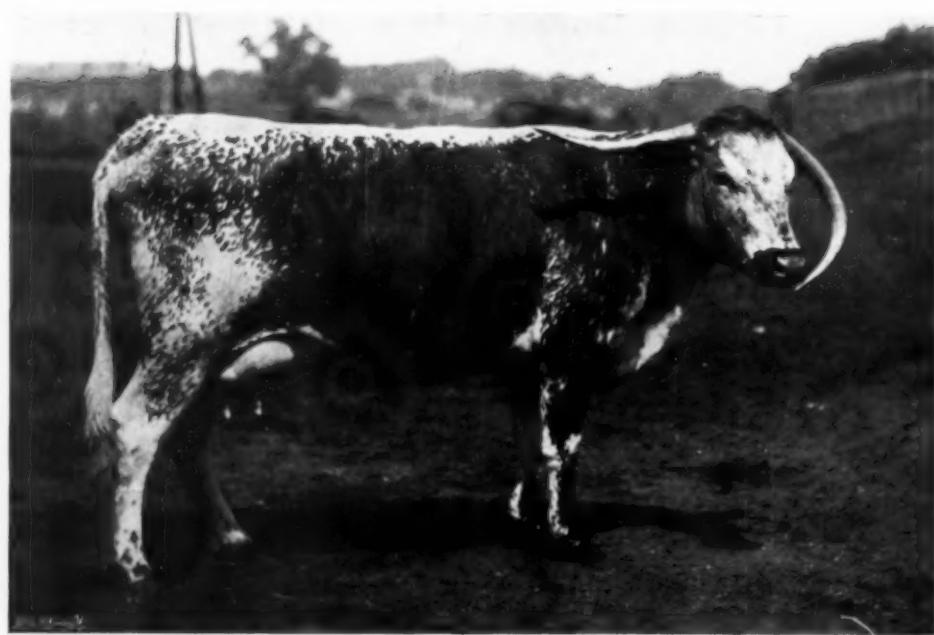
Copyright.

all white backs and are of great size. They add greatly to the beauty of the landscape, and are quickly picked up if they come into the market in the Midland Counties, where they chiefly exist. The butcher finds that they abound in plenty of good, lean flesh and possess thick, valuable hides, seldom perforated by the warble fly. There are numerous instances of fat steers during the last few years making at the Christmas sales from

It is not very easy to trace the exact causes for the decline of the Longhorn. Bakewell says it was simultaneous with the coming into favour of the Shorthorns. While he had been improving the breed at Dishley, a young farmer of Cleveland had effected the foundation of the Shorthorn breed. The brothers Robert and Charles Colling carried on the work which he had begun. Robert died in 1820 and Charles in 1836. Booth and Bates were partly contemporaries of the Collings, and they also carried on the work afterwards, raising the Shorthorns to a high pitch of popularity. Longhorns in the meantime had gone out of favour, perhaps because Bakewell had set the fashion of breeding them too fine. The objections generally brought against them at that period were that size and weight had been sacrificed for early maturity, and that their milk-producing capacities had been greatly injured. It was also erroneously said that they were slow growers. It was about the year 1876 that decided steps were taken to revive the breed. In the first volume of the Longhorn Herd Book, published in 1878, there is a very good account of the breed, by Mr. J. A. Lythall, and in 1878 an exhaustive account was sent to the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England by Mr. Nevill Fitt. Owners of dairy

herds by this time were becoming awake to qualities which the Longhorn had never lost. Particularly was this the case in the cheese-making districts of Cheshire, where it was found that the breed exactly suited the requirements of the small holders. Thus it happened that the Longhorns began once more to attract attention. The records of the Royal Agricultural Society show that animals of this breed often distinguished themselves in the highest manner. Thus the best bull at the first show of the society in 1839 was a Longhorn, and there was a notable exhibition of these cattle at Warwick in 1859.

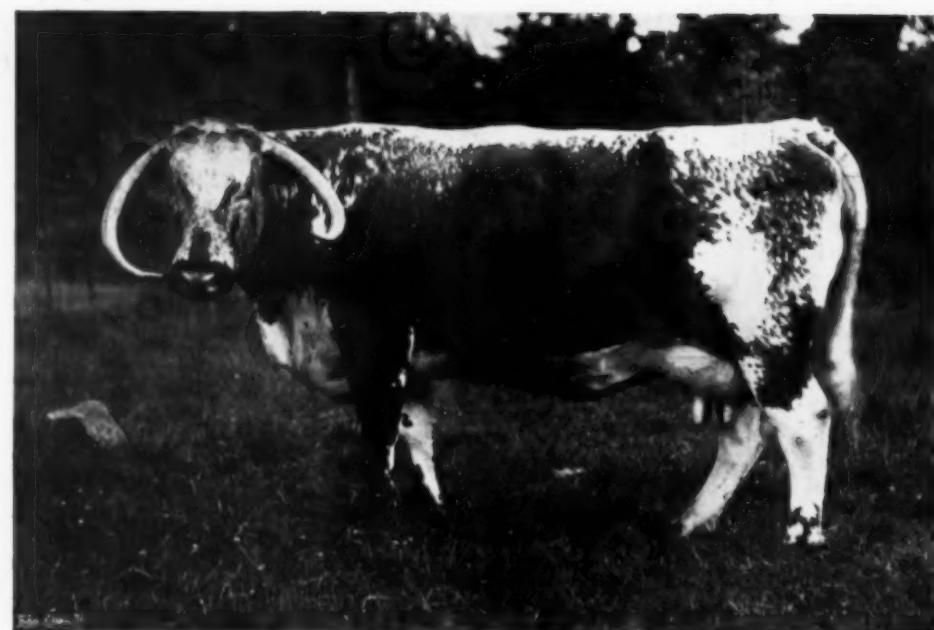
But one of the most notable shows was that at Birmingham in 1876, where the effects of their revival were seen in a really first-class exhibit of Longhorn cattle. At Liverpool in 1877, Bristol, in 1878, and Kilburn they were fully represented. At recent shows, dating from Carlisle in 1880, until the Shrewsbury Show of 1884, they were well brought forward, and again at the Windsor Jubilee Show in 1889, when Queen Victoria added to the class prizes a gold medal for the best Longhorn. At the present moment it is computed that there are about twenty herds in the country, one of the most important being that at Atherstone. Mr. Sale is an enthusiastic supporter of the breed who has won many honours with it, including several firsts at the Royal Agricultural Society of England and at the Warwickshire Shows. In 1906 he took the champion prize given for the best animal of either sex. He has also produced many extraordinarily good milkers. In reference to our illustrations, the following notes may be of use: The bull Putley Gay Lad is an almost faultless animal of splendid proportions, and scaled twenty-one hundredweight a few weeks ago, when only just three years old. A winner of several prizes. The cow Lady Panza is an enormous cow, giving abundance of milk of the richest quality. Winner of five first prizes at the R.A.S.E. Shows of ten pounds each, four of which in milk yield trials, making over two pounds of butter per day. She has also won various other prizes. The cow Lady Emily is a really beautiful animal, very handsome, and a deep milker. She won first prize as a heifer at the R.A.S.E. Show, Park Royal, 1905, also first at the Warwickshire Society's Show in the same year, and various prizes since. Arden Lady is a rare type of dual-purpose cow, with well-shaped udder. Arden Nora 2nd, is a very massive heifer, combining both English and Irish strains of blood. Winner of first prize R.A.S.E., Liverpool, 1910. Tariff Reform is a beautiful steer of great weight, excellent head and magnificent horns, actually measuring six feet from tip to tip. Arden Premier is a son of the good cow Lady Emily; he was placed second at the R.A.S.E. Show, Liverpool, in the yearling class, and is a compact, good animal with mellow skin. It may be useful to those thinking of keeping this breed to summarise their points. This we do from the description of Mr. J. M. Weetman of Witherly, Warwickshire, who is both a breeder and a judge.



H. G. Parsons.

ARDEN LADY.

Copyright.



H. G. Parsons.

LADY EMILY.

Copyright.



H. G. Parsons.

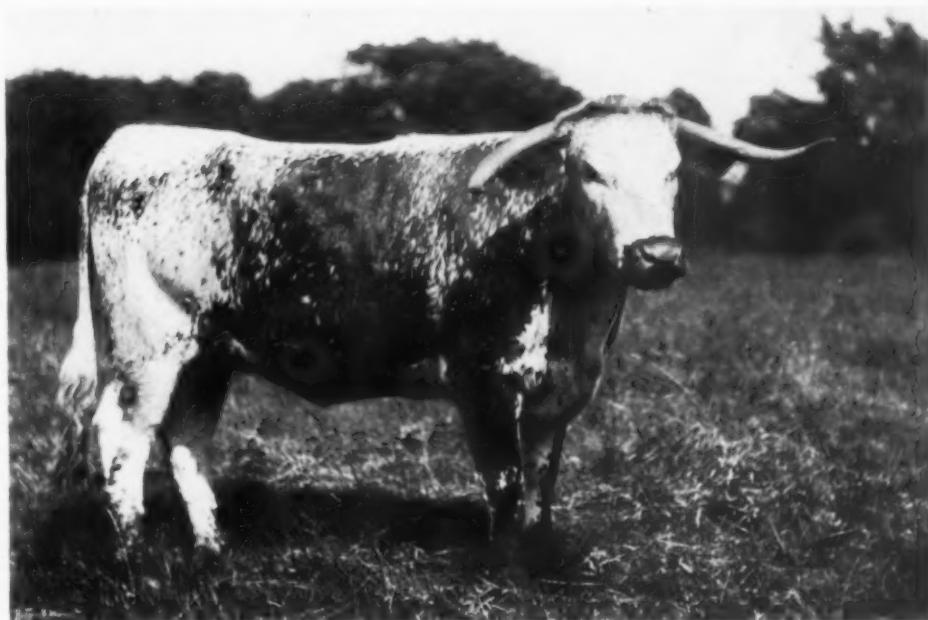
LADY PANZA.

Copyright.

His first point is that the Longhorn is particularly hardy, and will suit almost any soil. He goes on to say:

In shape it is naturally of great length, very short in the leg, with well-sprung rib and a wide and level back; the hide also, which is mellow to the touch, is well and thickly covered with nice, silky hair, which with the advent of winter becomes more profuse and stands rather rougher, so that the animals are enabled, with little or no shelter, to withstand the wintry blasts, and come through those dreary months looking very fit. The colours are somewhat varied, but what one might almost style the characteristic mark is a white line along the back, which, however, is not always found in pure-bred animals, though possessed by the majority; some animals are entirely self-coloured, and others are either red, grizzled roans, or brindled on the sides of the body; sometimes these colours are intermixed with specks or flakes of white, but this does not deteriorate the value of the animal in the least. Breeders fancy most the dark brindle colour with its bluish tint and the orthodox white line, and certainly this gives the animals a most attractive and hardy appearance. The horns, which give the breed its name, must be long, and may grow in any shape, some coming at right angles, others curving and almost meeting under the jaw, while many assume very artistic shapes and add much to the general picturesqueness of the breed. The females have large and square udders, with teats of a good size, and will give up to 5gal. milk per day, and are capable of making up to 18lb. butter per week, their milk coming second only to that of the Jersey in point of richness. Being of a quiet disposition, the Longhorn is a good feeder, and will rest well in the pastures at any time. Considering their great size, these animals are comparatively small consumers of food, and being of so hardy a nature are among the cheapest breeds to winter; young stock, unless being carried on for show purposes, will do well if foddered once a day in the open field with hay or bright, clean straw, and, indeed, when there is plenty of rough pulling they will get their own living entirely.

ensuring itself against the effect of drought. I have some roots before me as I write which demonstrate the truth of this statement and show that deep cultivation is the first requisite for success. On shallow-ploughed land, where the subsoil is as hard as a brick, the root cannot penetrate, and the result is an ill-shaped bulb with finger-like branches and a mass of fibrous roots which are very



H. G. Parsons.

ARDEN NORA II.

Copyright.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

### DEEP PLOUGHING FOR BEET.

THOSE who are contemplating the possibility of growing beetroot next year (and there are many who are indulging in the hope of doing so) should take time by the forelock, fix at once on the ground they will devote to that purpose and commence preparations at once by a good deep ploughing. The beet likes its tap-root to be unimpeded in its downward course, and it will then go down at least twelve inches and produce a root of good shape, as well as

undesirable. I am inclined to think it would be a good plan to call in the services of the steam cultivator, which will break up the soil to any reasonable depth, while retaining the best soil on the surface—a great point gained in the cultivation of the young plant. As the plants advance they must be treated, in one respect at least, in a different way from mangolds. They must be kept earthed up in the operation of hoeing, so that the whole of the bulb is kept beneath the surface, as any portion exposed to the atmosphere is little better than waste, and deteriorates the value of the roots at the factory.

### HOW WILL THE BOARD DEAL WITH THE QUESTION OF EPIZOOTIC ABORTION?

After protracted enquiry into the nature of, and the best method of dealing with, one of the most serious and tiresome diseases to which our cattle are liable, the Departmental Committee recommended some very moderate measures dealing with the reporting of cases to the local authorities and the isolation of animals attacked. Now, the veterinary officers at the Board of Agriculture are, of course, perfectly aware that half-measures of isolation and prevention of removal will be broken reeds on which to lean unless extended to all the cows which have been in contact. This vigorous handling of the trouble threatens to give some inconvenience to those whose

herds are attacked, and the bare suggestion of its being adopted has already been too much for a certain number of the farmers assembled for discussion of the subject at the recent meeting of the Central Chamber of Agriculture. There was sufficient opposition to any action at all being taken to obtain a postponement of a resolution which was moved, calling on the Board to issue an order at once, and the matter was referred to the local affiliated bodies for their opinion. It is plainly a question between individual objection on the score of inconvenience and the permanent benefit of the whole industry of cattle-breeding. In these enlightened times there ought not to be much doubt as to which should prevail.

### SUPERFLUOUS BREED SOCIETIES.

An incident scarcely noticed by the agricultural Press took place at the meeting of the Council of the Shorthorn Society on November 1st, which was, in my view, suggestive of danger to the breed. It appears that a proposal has been started in the Northern Counties that a new association should be formed to be called "The Northern Counties Shorthorn Breeders' Association." The promoters announced publicly that the new body would work in association with the Shorthorn Society, but in this they seem to



H. G. Parsons. A FINE HEAD—THE STEER.

Copyright.

we have been reckoning without their host, and the report of the General Purposes Committee dealt with the unwarrantable assertion in a very summary manner. It would have been strange if the committee had taken up any other attitude than that of hostility towards a movement which must threaten the undivided authority of the society which so satisfactorily controls the affairs of the great national breed. Those affairs could only suffer from divided counsels, and it is difficult to see what benefits could arise to the breed at large from such division, though it is quite conceivable that a few local officials might acquire positions at the cost of the

subscribers. At any rate, nothing could be more uncompromising than the language of the General Purposes Committee in repudiating the pretensions of the would-be founders of a new association. The report says that the committee "had no knowledge of the objects or constitution of the said association, neither could they recommend the council to work in association with this or any similar association." Under the wing of the one great society established in Hanover Square the breed has flourished exceedingly, and we want no schism in the ranks by the establishment of local rivals.

A. T. M.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

**G**ENERALLY speaking, the interests of men are centred upon the things nearest to them. The village pump is of more interest to the villager than an earthquake at the other end of the world, and an argument about the largest turnip in his parish comes more directly home to him than a discussion of great Imperial events. But there are times when every thoughtful mind likes, as it were, to take wings to itself and make a bolder and wider survey. Those who have this inclination will find it gratified to an extraordinary degree in Mr. Putnam Weale's new book, *The Conflict of Colour* (Macmillan). It is a bold, thoughtful and original attempt to forecast future history. No doubt the advice of Mr. Weale's countryman will be quoted in this country, "Never prophesy unless you know"; but his case ought to be an exception. We do not for an instant believe that either he or anyone else can see into the future so clearly as to foretell which nations are going to rise and which are going to fall; but at present a new point of departure has arisen and made it possible for the careful student to show at least what is likely to happen, and when the resources of the entire world are brought within the compass of half a sheet of note-paper, the result is very striking. First of all, we are confronted with the fact that the white men are outnumbered in the world to the extent of two to one, and, further, that the coloured races are increasing at a greater rate than the white. The author makes very little of the superiority on which Europe and America for long have prided themselves. In the arts of war and commerce the white men got far ahead in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but history points to no superiority in them. On the contrary, the greatest religion, the deepest thought and the most original ideas have emanated from Asia; and although the coloured races fell behind for a time, there is no reason why they should not overtake their competitors now. It might be thought that a speculation of this kind would be based on the result of Japan's recent war with Russia, but Mr. Weale shows very good reason for not attaching the highest importance to the result. He is impressed in the first place with the immense resources of Russia. In measuring these resources he relies chiefly on the birth-rate, and, indeed, the birth-rate may be stated to be the keyword of this volume. It is very high in Russia—the annual increase is about two million five hundred thousand—and

as great masses of vigorous men and women are pushed across the Ural into Siberia, there to thrive exceedingly, the birth-rate tends to expand still more.

If the rate of increase should continue to the end of the present century, there will be four hundred million Russians. There is no reason to believe that Japan will increase at anything like the same rate. It has been stated by a leading Japanese statesman that Japan's task just now is to win numbers for herself; but Mr. Weale thinks that her birth-rate, instead of increasing, may decrease. Even if the birth-rate were to continue what it is, in 1925 the population would not be more than equal to Germany of to-day. The reasons given for that are in part covered by the policy pursued by the Japanese Government, which is to exclude foreign capital except in the case of Government, quasi-Government or Municipal loans; to place restrictions on the importation of food; to allow State monopolies to supplant private enterprise; and to hamper the free activities of the people. A further handicap is that Japan is debarred from sending her surplus population to the opposite shores of the Pacific. One result is that Japan is very heavily taxed, and disappointing those who expected that she would rid herself easily of the expense of the war. Mr. Weale says:

Should the force of these various factors become intensified, there can be little doubt that the causes operative in France will slowly become operative in Japan, and small families will be the order of the day. Thus, whereas in the case of the great rivals on the Pacific, Russia, America, and China, there are no such crippling conditions, and men are adding to their numbers either through the operation of the birth-rate or by wholesale immigration at an unprecedented rate; in Japan the source of all wealth—human beings—is being tampered with in order to make a largely fictitious yearly balancing of the national account.

The crisis in the history of Japan will come in 1915, when her lease of Manchuria will be up and she will have to show her hand. China's weakness is, of course, Japan's opportunity; but this weakness lies chiefly in the absence of a real head. The Chinese, in numbers, in ability, in birth-rate, possess greater claims on futurity than the Japanese, but they have not yet developed the discipline or evolved the leader which would make them efficient. Mr. Weale has no sympathy with those who prophesy

either that a great yellow horde will one day sweep across Asia and inundate Europe; or that the yellow man will finally swamp the markets of the world with his cheap products.

What is far more likely to happen is that the federation of Eastern Asia will be so arranged as to exclude the white man and his commerce more completely than anyone yet dreams of:

This is equivalent to saying that the entire economic situation throughout the world is already in very real danger of being radically altered—and the present balance of power entirely upset—from the mere fact that Eastern Asia, led by Japan, may step by step erect barriers so as not only to restrain the white man, but to adopt a politico-commercial retaliatory policy of the severest character. This is the policy which Japan has already instituted in Formosa and Korea with such conspicuous success; this is the policy which she is beginning to carry out in hidden ways in Southern Manchuria. It is a hard and dangerous policy to fight, for it exercises itself in such pseudo-European terms as tariffs, police, preferential treatment, shipping and industrial monopolies, and many other ingenious devices which are covered by a specious phraseology borrowed from the West and invented by the West.

He considers that the only way in which European statesmanship can conquer this tendency is for it to make China stronger than Japan. He says the goal of "China stronger than Japan" should be kept in sight, and if it is not, he prophesies that in twenty years

America will cease to own the Philippines, and Japan will obtain the acknowledged hegemony of the Yellow World.

What a united Eastern Asia would mean to Europe it is not easy to see, because of the internal quarrels that divide European countries. We have Germany multiplying on the borders of France, which is standing still, and Russia multiplying still more on the borders of Germany, with Italy, Spain and the Latin races generally decadent. When we think of the various complications, the Biblical expression "There shall be wars and rumours of wars" comes inevitably to mind.

What Mr. Weale calls the Brown World is his name for the problem which concerns India, Afghanistan, Persia, Arabia, Asia Minor and Egypt. The unrest characteristic of these times has manifested itself nowhere more strikingly than in the Far East. He attributes it to the new nationalism which has so magically grown up and to masterful Japan. In dealing with this Mr. Putnam Weale follows very closely on the path of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. Briefly put, his argument is that our rule in India is not sufficiently guided by sympathy and understanding, and this is even more marked in Egypt. He thinks that "in the detailed work of foreign affairs England is clumsy." He says, very strikingly:

During past centuries it has always been European rivalry, and not really Asiatic or African resistance, which has been the chief danger menacing distant overseas possessions of European Powers; because the white man, being vastly superior in the arts of war to all other men, could not be opposed with success unless fought by other white men. The man of colour, beaten in small conflicts, readily joined his fortunes with some white master or other, so that from this fighting alliance might come personal advantage. Thus there was the spectacle of England and France fighting one another with the utmost bitterness in India so as to draw automatically from victory, not only European prestige, but Asiatic empires.

Growth of knowledge and growth of numbers are undoubtedly giving to those Eastern nations a confidence and an ambition which they did not before possess. On the other hand, Mr. Weale undervalues the effect of the work done by England. The Egyptian fellahs are alive to the difference in their condition which followed from the administration of Lord Cromer. They are now in the position of demanding and receiving wages for their work. They are exempt from the raids of the old tyrannical tax-collectors, and they are delivered from the oppression of the Corvée. It will be many a long day before Egypt can stand by herself, and the alternative of English rule

is to return to that of Turkey. In India, again, new forces no doubt have come into existence owing to the extension of knowledge and the increase in numbers, but there is also the education in justice which we have given her and the elimination of much that was making for her destruction. No one will deny that a very serious state of affairs is developing in India, but we have steered through seas as stormy before, and no doubt will do so again if England will but be true to herself and her traditions. Lastly, we come to the black problem, which vexes the spirit of our American author most of all. He takes the bold position that the children of Ham belong to a race of arrested development, and that "a servant of servants shall he be to his brethren." He sees in the future the brown races using the black as auxiliaries in their warfare against the whites, and he thinks that in North America the black population will always be capable of being dealt with, because it never can equal the white population. There is one white man to seven negroes in South Africa.

#### A SUCCESSFUL TRAMP.

**A Vagabond in the Caucasus, with Some Notes of His Experiences Among the Russians**, by Stephen Graham. With sixteen illustrations and two maps. (John Lane.)

WITH a waterproof sleeping-sack across his shoulders, and a strong infusion of Carlyle, Nietzsche and Swinburne in his head, the author of this wholly delightful book set out to wander in the Caucasus. It was the spirit of Lavengro, however, that supplied the real driving power, for in his veins, clearly, the sweet passion of earth runs side by side with a strong savour of humanity. As with Borrow, he selects unfailingly what is vital in a man or in a landscape, presents it to the reader with vivid touches of illumination, and in so doing reveals unconsciously his own very engaging personality. Youth, spontaneity and enthusiasm colour these striking Caucasian pictures, for the vagabond was also a poet. "Tramps," he naively confesses, "often bring blessings to men. They are very brotherly; they have given up the causes of quarrels. Perhaps sometimes they are a little divine. God's grace comes down upon them." And after sleeping in the open among nettles and convolvulus, high up, near the stars, he adds, "a night on the mountains gives its peculiar refreshment; it nurses each limb in cold, dewy air, and transmits its influence in cold thrills into the very depth of one." You see him tramping these haunted, wild, be-flowered mountains "full of malice against the seductions of dependency that lie concealed in houses," and you follow his adventures (they were many and highly entertaining) with the same interest you follow an engrossing novel, because—you see the man and feel something of his passion. So many books of travel forget this; the writers retain the impersonality of a Baedeker. "The prose of this book is the story of my travels; the poetry, where the reader may discern it, is the story of my heart." Again, "Two thousand miles from London there are new silences, pregnant stillness, on the steppes, in the country places, on the skirts of old forests. No word of the hubbub of democracy need come through; not a hoarding poster flouts the eye; no burning question of the hour torments the mind. A man is master of himself and may see or hear or consider just what he chooses. That is, if the man be like me." And the whole point of the successful "tramp" is—as Mr. Graham puts it in a word—"that he feels he can do without."

Although his wanderings took him mainly into the known parts of the Caucasus (comparatively "known" where all is lonely and unrequited), across the great passes from Vladikavkaz to Tiflis, and Vladikavkaz to Kutais over the snowy Marmison, the trumper found plenty of adventure. His knowledge of Russian was of little use among the mountain tribes—Ingooshi, Ossetines, etc., with their many languages, to say nothing of Georgian—and the account of his arrest is entertaining reading. "The Ossetines," a Russian warned him, "have a tariff now—to lay a man out, one rouble; to murder him, three roubles"—and "outside Lisi he showed me a pool of human blood on the road where there had been a fight the night before. . . . I felt rather safer as a prisoner than if I had been at liberty." Yet his final verdict is that while an "English traveller will have queer adventures, it is not likely that he will come to harm. . . . One thing may be warned—keep out of the way of the Police. The whole Police system of the Caucasus is corrupt, and innocent or guilty, English or Russian, one is not likely to get out of their hands easily." His description of the four men who tried to stone him, themselves screened by boulders, to say nothing of the savage wolf-like dogs who resent the appearance of anyone but their own masters, makes one feel that the special permission required to carry firearms might not be wholly lost labour. "Afraid of insects!" exclaimed a Russian with whom he discussed the taking of a Georgian cottage in the mountains for one pound a month, "Better be afraid of getting your throat cut!"

And the whole of his tramping knows the scent of flowers. One thanks Mr. Graham for his keen observation of them. "I am sitting on a bank where sweet-scented violets are growing; the air is filled with their perfume. There are hollyhocks on the slopes, hundreds and thousands of them, some over six feet high, and covered with saffron-coloured blossoms. I came through some weeds so high that they closed above my head and shut out the sky, a waste of dead nettle, comfrey, teasel, canterbury bells and convolvulus. Clusters of pink mallow hung like bouquet-baskets from these tangles. On the rocks there is an abundance of stonewort and bryony and pinks which look like sweet-williams. The rock-roses are perfect gems." And elsewhere he tells us of wild geranium, lilies of the valley, endless varieties of orchis, wild fruit trees, cowslips, snowdrops, sweet-scented bog-bean, Solomon's seal, honeysuckle and lilies without end. Over all, too, hang the giant splendours, grim and elemental, of the stupendous snowy mountains. The whole picture left in the mind is that of a world still tossed and broken by primeval chaos, and just settling down into some peace and orderliness with a virgin beauty to help the shaping. It is told with a rush and a fervour, yet with an economy of words that make for delightful reading.

The human side, too, is fascinating, and one feels that the author has an intuitive sympathy with the Russian character. "All these old-world folk are like grown-up children playing shop with mud-pies." The uncouth and barbaric simplicity of the type stands out in many a vital conversation. The

earlier portion of the book, giving experiences in Russia proper, teems with vivid and picturesque scenes that reveal the people so that you feel you see and know them. At country houses, in the students' quarter at Moscow, among the life of the people at Christmas and at religious festivals—it all slips easily and strongly coloured past the mind's eye as one reads. The account of a Mystery Play at a country house, where the huge figure of God (holding a dying candle to represent man's life) stands ever silent and awesome in the corner, is uncommonly graphic. Equally well told is "A Night at a Shrine," and the scene after it when the author lay in a crowded cottage where the "insects creaked in its newspaper walls." Most of the pilgrims were drunk with vodka after their laborious religious exercises during the day. We quote a characteristic moment:

"About me now, picture fearful, monstrous peasants spluttering, roaring, singing. A gendarme comes along now and then and pretends to keep order. My vis-à-vis is uproarious. Figure him with thick red hair and wild red beard. He is a fat man and he stands facing the gendarme and answers each remonstrance with an inarticulate roar. Rrrrr! His hair has been cut away with shears, and it overhangs his forehead equally all round like the straw of a thatched cottage.

"Make w-way, will you," said the peasant to me with a voice like thunder.

I smiled gently. The peasant frowned and twisted his red lips under his tangled moustache. He leaned down and brought his wild phiz close up to mine and leered into my eyes. I could not have dreamed of a more terrifying face.

"Make way, will you, or I'll cut your throat," he roared.

Several of his companions warned him that the gendarme was listening.

"You're not very polite," I said. "What is it you want?"

"There's no room for me anywhere else."

I made a place for him and he took it without a word. He became immediately content and self-absorbed like a babe that, after crying and kicking, has found its mother's breast. . . . He is sitting now with both elbows on the table. In one hand he grasps a fish tightly. He held that fish in his hand all the time he was confronting me. Ah! Now he is yelling to the counter for vodka. . . ."

And then, if you want contrast, read the chapters describing "The Coming of Summer in the Caucasus," "A Mountain Dawn," "Climbing Into Winter," or "Over Marmison." It is a travel-book to re-read; and if ever you go to the Caucasus, to take with you.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

#### ENCORE!

**Queen Sheba's Ring**, by H. Rider Haggard. (Eveleigh Nash.)

TO do a thing that one has done before, and to do it with the same zest, strength, conviction and inspiration, is a great achievement, and here, in *Queen Sheba's Ring*, are all the materials out of which Mr. Rider Haggard so long ago wove tales to make one hold one's breath. There is the wonderful race living to-day in a civilisation as remote from the twentieth century as its country is from London. Here is the party of Englishmen who go forth to explore, here is the beautiful queen with the soul of a woman and the heart of a man, here is the young Englishman, the Chevalier of the party, who falls in love with her, as she with him; here are wars and strange religions, and treacherous and curious customs and incredible adventures; and here are the same traditions of courage, honour, good-fellowship and strength. And out of all these Mr. Rider Haggard has again made a tale that again makes one hold one's breath! Its setting and course are realised with all his old extraordinary strength of imagination. Its heroes are lovable, human, ridiculous and courageous, just as they were before. One element of allegory there is present in this new book that there was not in Mr. Rider Haggard's old ones—for the race that the Englishmen fall in with is a race so isolated and secure among its mountains that, in generations of immunity from attack, it has grown comfortable and effeminate, and believes no more in danger from the warlike Fungs at its gates. This allegory runs throughout the book, till the Abati, unprepared and panic-stricken, fall as degenerates must fall, before a race of soldiers.

#### CLEVER.

**The Gates: A Study in Prose**, by John Murray.

CLEVER, and clever, and again clever—and of what avail! Neither sorrowful nor happy, neither troubling nor uplifting, here is another barren, perfect, ruthless study of temperament. It goes as close to life as the surgeon's knife. It leaves no nerve unexposed, and no motive unveiled. The picture of a temperament at the mercy of fate, weak, generous, drifting, preserving its strange kind of simple innocence to the end—when all is said and done, and the last stroke finished, of what avail is it? There is no suspense; there is, therefore, no lesson; no struggle and, therefore, no hope. The issue is a foregone conclusion from the first chapter. Dogged by ill-luck that his own turn of mind prevents him from ever fully recognising, far less baffling, Paul drifts through friendship, misfortunes, calamities, duels, love and disillusion—into a monastery; and his bad luck follows him even there. Depressing beyond words is this brilliant, cold, outside dissection of a poor boy, born a vacillator, incapable of a mean or cruel impulse, and equally incapable of a single conviction.

#### AN OLD ROAD.

**The Exception**, by Oliver Onions. (Methuen.)

SOMETIMES a reviewer feels exactly like a guinea-fowl sitting on a fence and crying "Come back, come back, come back!" Out on the same road they all go, the men who might make us laugh and the men who might make us weep—out on the same road of problems and mistakes and ideas as those nineteen-twentieths of the writers of to-day, whose only endeavour is to make us think! Mr. Oliver Onions did not begin like this! We wish he would come back. But, at least, this story of a woman who makes the same old mistake, and then tries to retrieve it by marriage, and wades through deceptions and degradations and efforts to the finding of her soul, does teach a hope. It has high purpose; and Berice's conclusion is the noble and sound conclusion. There is no "exception"—such as we each privately or publicly believe ourselves to be—to the great laws of society. But we are not moved by this book—we neither weep nor laugh—because there is no one in it in whom we are allowed to believe, and while we thank Mr. Oliver Onions for his clever treatment and sound work round an old theme, we cry at the same time, "Come back!"

#### A FINE SETTING.

**Hardican's Hollow**, by J. S. Fletcher. (Everett and Co.)

A GOOD murder story. It has the usual surroundings of this sort of subject, which are graphically pictured; and there are the usual actors in it, but they

are distinctly original. An artist and a scientist find themselves staying together at a wonderfully lonely and desolate old inn in England. They come there to paint pictures and tabulate fungi, but it is not long before they find themselves turned first into excavators and then into detectives. The scientist discovers a marvellous old Roman camp, so well described that it makes one long to go down and see it; and one of the men he sets to work in it discovers the dead body of Pharaoh Greek, buried in its moat. Who killed Pharaoh Greek? That is the story. But to say who it really was would be to spoil the story.

## BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

A Shepherd's Life, by W. H. Hudson. (Methuen.)  
The Conflict of Colour, by B. L. Putnam Weale. (Macmillan.)  
The Incas of Peru, by Sir Clements R. Markham, K.C.B., F.R.S. (Smith Elder.)  
The Human Chord, by Algernon Blackwood. (Macmillan.)  
The Flint Heart: A Fairy Story by Eden Phillpotts. (Macmillan.)  
Howard's End, by E. M. Forster. (Arnold.)

[SHORT NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 16\*.]

## ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

## "FREAK" SCORING.

**I**FIND—this is a moment in which the editorial "we" has for a fleeting instant to be abandoned—that it is held that I ought to be giving myself no ordinary airs in consequence of a rather extraordinary succession of flukes which happened to me at Ashdown Forest lately when I did a round with ten threes in it and made a total of 67, which, I think, is just the same as Rowe's best. I am even accused of "back-swagger" in not being more blatantly elated about it. The truth is that those scores made when you are not trying to make a score at all, but merely to win holes, always seem to me of very little importance or interest. But there is no doubt that astonishing things occur. I did brag about these ten threes to Mr. Bernard Darwin, and he promptly played the like tune by telling me that on the very same day he did six threes in succession at Royton. He was playing with his father at the time. It seems to be putting rather a heavy strain on the parental relationship. Then, a little later, I told the same tale of pride to Mr. Everard Martin Smith, and he, too, had a bigger one to tell, that he was round the second half at New Zealand in 28. This really seems the most portentous of all these miracles—only a stroke above an average of threes. Who would not be discouraged from blowing his trumpet when others can produce blasts so much bigger?

## THE EXPLANATION OF IT (?).

And how do these things happen? That is what one is inclined to ask. Whence comes the inspiration, and what, on the physical side, is the explanation of it? For some physical explanation, or correlative, there must surely be at this moment, alas, too fleeting, when the hand obeys the suggestion of the eye with a faithfulness that is more than natural. It has often been suggested that a man in the hypnotic trance might conceivably play golf better than it has ever been played before. But personally I was not aware of any trance-like sensation while I kept doing threes. How it may have been with the others they alone know.

## DOGS AND THE GOLFER.

Owing to the fact that my father wrote a book on "Dog-breaking" so long ago as 1840, by whose aid, I am proud to think, men still break their dogs, and that I myself have written books to break men in to golf—of whose assistance, I regret to say, they do not make all the use they should—it has been suggested to me that I am a fit and proper person to offer some hints on the breaking of dogs as aids to the golfer. The idea was not so much, as it seems, that the dogs should be employed to carry clubs, though this is a solution of "the caddie question" which I have advocated, the said dogs to be harnessed with small panniers, crossing over the back, for the clubs' reception. It is not altogether, I venture to think, a wild suggestion, though it is to be admitted that a dog fight under these circumstances, especially if the match were a foursome, in which four four-legged caddies were engaged, would be a scene of some dramatic interest. Still, Dr. Watts really maligned the canine character when he insinuated that pugnacity was inveterately ingrained in it, and some of the lovers of the Labrador retriever, such as Mr. Holland Hibbert, might really do well to consider their possible employment as club-carriers.

## DOGS AS GOLF-BALL RETRIEVERS.

The suggestion made to me was that I should proffer hints touching the breaking of dogs to look for errant golf balls. The trouble is really more to break them of the habit of hunting for them and lifting them, when they should not—

that is to say, in the ordinary course of the match. There is a story of a Brighton cabman driving his fare round the Devil's Dyke, and explaining, "This 'ere's the golf ground," with any number of "Is" in it, to show that he knew the orthography. "The gents 'as dogs with 'em, and they smears the balls with Liebig's extract of meat so as they shall go and 'unt them when lost in the gorse." It really hardly needs this anointing to stimulate the dog's zeal. It is his nature to hunt, and if you reward him with a bit of biscuit for every ball found he will do you abundant service in this regard. There are men who have no other apparent source of income than a golf-ball-hunting dog, and they are much better dressed than most golfers, and fatter. And as for restraining the dog from the gutta-percha hunt when he should not hunt it, this falls into the ordinary curriculum of his education, and is part of the first course of instruction in which he is taught to keep "to heel" until the word "seek dead" is given. If a dog's mouth be so hard that he indents the ball in retrieving it, there is a well-recognised nostrum for this—get an india-rubber ball and fill it with wires, not sharp enough to wound seriously, but sticking out so nearly to the circumference that if the dog squeezes too hard they will prick him. He will soon learn to mouth gently. If you make the wires hot you can easily get them into the ball.

## MR. H. J. F. BADELEY.

When the House of Lords is not sitting and their Lordships do not need his guidance, Mr. H. J. F. Badeley spends some of his time at Woking, Rye, Sandwich and other golf courses. He had attained sufficient proficiency at the game to win the Parliamentary Handicap in 1901 and to be runner-up to the winners in 1906 and 1908. It is more probable that he will owe strokes to scratch in this particular competition rather than receive them for many years to come. But his penalty will not be extreme until he ceases to rely entirely on the exuberance of his follow-through to compensate for the exiguity of his back-swing. If the length of his tee shots is sometimes disappointing, considering the beauty of their shape, the accuracy of his iron play and of his putting, combined with his temperamental virtues, make him a most acceptable partner in a foursome.

Mr. Badeley is a man of artistic gifts. The Christmas cards of his own etching, which he sends to his favoured friends, are invariably framed, nor can anybody produce a better book-plate. Once upon a time Mr. Badeley was a distinguished "wet-bob" and an even more distinguished runner. He rowed in the Trinity boat at Oxford when its eight made a vast number of bumps and distinguished itself at Henley, and he stroked it to the second place on the river in 1896; he is, moreover, the only University man who has run a Quarter in level time without attaining highest honours at Queen's Club, where he represented Oxford in 1895, 1896 and 1897. He will still show how it was done any morning before breakfast in St. James's Park, and the good effect of keeping up his training may be seen in the graceful lines of his figure, to which Mr. Ambrose's sketch does no more than justice.

## THE NEW COURSE AT COOMBE HILL.

One of the most interesting courses within easy hail of London is certainly that at Coombe Hill, near Wimbledon. It is still in the making, and the first ball will not, officially at least, be struck upon it till some time next spring. It is, however, so far advanced that the golfer can see very clearly from the photographs what will be expected of him. The making of a course nowadays is something of an engineering feat. A ferocious warfare is carried on against the forces of Nature herself, and thick forests, which a few years ago would have been



MR. H. J. F. BADELEY.

deemed to render golf impossible, are removed in the twinkling of an eye. The two photographs of the tenth hole, the one taken in April and the other in August of this year, show what work lay before the engineers and how they tackled it. It is a change as miraculous as that which was effected at Stoke Poges. The golfer who first visits the Stoke to-day and finds that seventh green, with its admirable turf, perched up between the stream on the right and the road on the left, can scarcely believe that it was ever otherwise. Yet not so very long ago that stream ran through the heart of a pretty, peaceful, little wood, and the water-sprites that lived in it doubtless never dreamed that they would soon be driven away by the myriad golf balls of those that slice their approach shots.

#### FEATURES OF THE ARCHITECTURE.

At Coombe there has perforce been some slaughter of trees. Birches, alders and rhododendrons—all have, in a measure, shared the common lot, but let us hasten to add that there are many and charming trees remaining. Yet it is not in the least degree a park course in the ordinary sense of the term. It is, on the whole, more like Worplesdon than any other course we can think of, and this is not surprising, because both are the work of Mr. Abercromby and Willy Park. Those who know the hall-mark of these two artists will not have much difficulty in recognising it, more especially at the short holes, of which there are five, just as at Worplesdon. This fact will cheer the player of large handicap and small accuracy, but he had better not rejoice too precipitately. These short holes are so closely guarded that it is there that the scratch player will gain his advantage. The weaker brethren, who begin by fearing the long two-shot holes, will find them in



THE TENTH HOLE AT COOMBE HILL IN APRIL.

on to a green having a wonderfully attractive background of trees. In parentheses it may be said that the backgrounds of putting greens have not a

little to say to the estimation in which the holes are held. The fifth hole at Woking, for instance, would lose half its merit if some vandal were to cut down the wood behind the green. To return to Coombe, however, the fourteenth, which is shown in the photograph, is a particularly interesting hole, one of the exceptions that prove the rule as to a "drive and a pitch" constituting a bad length. Here the second shot is quite a short one, but the green is full of deceitful curls, so that the player would certainly feel happier if he could "scuffle" his ball ingloriously along the ground rather than trust to the chances of a pitch. Nature has, however, interposed, and by guarding the green with a deep depression in the ground has made the running shot virtually impossible. So it will have to be a pitching shot or nothing, and a most exacting pitch it will be. The very next hole, the fifteenth, is another excellent hole; in length two shots for Mr. Abe Mitchell or Daugé and three shots for anyone else; a hole where the man with a good medal score will always be supremely thankful for a five. Altogether the Coombe course should be very well worth the playing. And it should bring the golf of sand and fir trees and heather rather nearer to people's front doors than they can get it at present.

#### SUCCESS OF MUNICIPAL GOLF.

Taylor, convalescent, made his *debut* at the opening of the extended course of the Corporation at Brighton. The interesting courses is not always their golfing excellence (Braid and Taylor on this Brighton occasion were round in scores well over



THE SAME HOLE IN AUGUST.

the end their best friends. Here they are allowed a good deal of licence, and they should be able to reach the green in three very moderate shots, and accomplish a highly respectable five. On the other hand, the longer player, who knows that he ought not to be satisfied with anything but a four, will find that he must be very straight as well as long lest not a four but a six be his portion. The bunkering has mostly been done with a view to teasing this self-satisfied scratch player, it being rightly considered that the weaker vessel's lack of length and skill is in itself quite sufficient punishment. It should, perhaps, be added that the whole course will be about six thousand yards long, which is not quite so long as some of the most modern of our courses. A good many will be pleased to see just a little reaction against vast length setting in.

#### SOME OF THE HOLES.

It would be tedious to enumerate all the holes in their order. The first three or four are hardly so attractive as the others; not that they are less good golf or situated on less good or sandy soil, but because they are out of the pretty wooded country. While playing there we get a view of the Wimbledon golfers playing on their new course on the opposite slope. When we get to the fifth hole we reach the forest glades, and remain among them to the end, going now this way and now that over pleasantly undulating country. Perhaps the holes that we remember best are in the home-coming nine. There is the twelfth, for instance—we think we have the number correctly—a capital one-shot hole



THE APPROACH TO THE FOURTEENTH

the 80, which are more comforting to the humble golfer than convincing that greens and so on were in the most perfect order) so much as their financial success. Whether we go North to the Braid Hills in Edinburgh, or to the

Midlands and the courses of the London County Council, or to the Brighton South Downs, the financial tale is ever the same, that the greens are earning their livelihood. It is a healthy sign.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### LYMPNE CASTLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your description of Lympne Castle you state that you do not know when the "p" got into the name Lympne. Some years ago there was a discussion on this point in the *Kentish Gazette*. I looked up nearly fifty different books and maps, and the earliest spelling with the "p" was in Morden's folio map, circa 1680. It is there spelt Limpne. The first time the present method occurs is in the Ordnance Survey map of 1801. The great majority spell it Linne. It was pronounced locally as a double-syllabled word, and I remember hearing an old gentleman so speaking it; but this, I fancy, has quite gone out of fashion.—F. WILLIAM COCK.

### THE PRICE OF GOLF BALLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The thanks of the golfing community are due to COUNTRY LIFE for having raised this important topic in its columns. Concurred action by the leading golf clubs would, no doubt, be effective. Notice should be given to the golf ball-makers that unless the price be reduced the sale of all balls exceeding two shillings will be prohibited upon the club premises. If the clubs would adopt this plan, and golfers would patiently bear a little temporary inconvenience, we should soon bring the makers to book and curtail our expenses. The makers' profits upon the sale of golf balls are enormous, and it is high time that they abandoned the additional charge, which was based upon the high prices of rubber which ruled in the spring.—ONE WHO USES 305 BALLS PER ANNUM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sure that hundreds of golfers are delighted that you have tackled this question. Personally, while knowing vaguely that rubber had gone down, I did not appreciate, till I read your article, the fact that the price is now not much more than half what it was when the extra sixpence was first put on. Like many other golfers I play upon a course where gorse and thick heather abound. Two of those erratic strokes too common with players of my class may very well cost five shillings, a really intolerable addition to the already great expenses of the game. If golfers would only bestir themselves they could surely accomplish something. There are excellent balls on the market which do not cost half-a-crown, and a resolute determination not to buy any of those balls which are still sold at an inflated price could have but one result. When that happy consummation is reached, our best thanks will be due to you, Sir, for inaugurating the crusade.—A POOR GOLFER.

### DAMAGE BY GEESE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be greatly obliged if you could give me a legal opinion on the following point: I have a neighbour who is the possessor of a considerable flock of geese, and these geese appear to me to be possessed of considerably more than the normal power of flight of domestic poultry, for they make long experiments in aviation, to the extent of half a mile or more, and sometimes these flights bring them into my meadows, where they eat really an appreciable quantity of pasture, and also, on one occasion (very likely to be repeated), into my kitchen garden, where they quickly gobbled up things of quite considerable value. I want you, if you would, to tell me what is my legal remedy, for I cannot believe that the law does not give me one. Can I sue the owner of the geese for damage? Can I drive the geese into my larder and eat them? I understand that I am responsible for keeping a fence in repair to keep out my neighbour's cattle and sheep; but I cannot be expected to have a roof over my land to keep out his flying stock. If I sue the owner of the geese for damage, have I to resort to the same expensive process again if the damage is repeated, or can I get an injunction which would make him more careful because of heavier penalties with which it would threaten him if disregarded? Suing for damage is, of course, extremely unsatisfactory, because the damage would be sure to be disputed and its amount is very hard to prove.—DEVONIAN.

[Our correspondent's remedy depends upon whether the geese are tame or wild. If they are of such a nature as to come under the ordinary description of domestic poultry, he can bring an action against their owner for any damage they commit, for the owner of domestic animals must keep them under control. To meet the point that such a remedy is unsatisfactory, we would suggest that "Devonian" should complain in writing to the owner of the geese and warn him that if the birds trespass in future they will be impounded, or, if necessary, shot. The last course is, perhaps, hardly legal, but the offending owner will not get much sympathy from the Court if, after fair warning, he still permits his birds to wander so far afield and a sufferer is compelled to take drastic steps to protect his property. If the geese are wild, or if having been kept in confinement they have reverted to the wild state, "Devonian" may shoot or take any he finds on his land, for wild birds have no owner, and belong to a person who kills them while trespassing on his property. We fancy it may be rather a moot point whether geese are wild birds or domestic poultry, so our correspondent should, in the first place, confine himself to an action for damages as his strict legal remedy, and only fall back upon the gun in case of urgent necessity.—ED.]

### SPRING-TRAPS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the interesting article on spring-traps which appears in COUNTRY LIFE for October 22nd, 1910, there occurs a mistake which it would be well to correct. I refer to the passage which states that the words in Section 6 of the Ground Game Act, 1880, "no person having a right to kill ground game under the Act or otherwise" are perfectly general in their application, and refer not only to the occupier and his agents as dealt with by the Act, but also to the owner and those authorised by him. The writer of the article continues that it is therefore illegal for "the owner and those authorised by him to take or kill ground game in three ways, (1) by shooting at night, (2) by using spring-traps anywhere but in rabbit holes, (3) by using poison." This is incorrect. COUNTRY LIFE

is not a paper in which to enter into a somewhat complicated legal argument, but the facts may be stated shortly, as below, each being covered by a decision in the High Court, and, if doubted, the references given can be verified.

Section 6 does apply to (among others, as provided by the Act):

- (a) An occupier of land who has the right of killing and taking game, the owner not having reserved the sporting rights (*Waters v. Phillips*, 1910, 2, K.B. 465).
- (b) An occupier who by agreement has the right to kill game on the land (*Saunders v. Pitfield*, 16 Cox, C.C. 372).

Section 6 does not apply to:

- (a) The owner who, whether he is in occupation of his land or not, has retained the sporting rights (*Smith v. Hunt*, 16 Cox, C.C. 54).
- (b) To the owner's grantee of sporting rights where such grantee is not the tenant in occupation, or to any person or persons not the occupiers of the land directly authorised by the owner to take or kill ground game (*May v. Waters*, 1910, 1, K.B. 437).

The offence in respect of which the defendant was charged in the cases cited was that of setting spring-traps in the open, but the decisions apply equally, of course, to the act of shooting at night and of laying poisons. The short effect of these decisions is that the owner, or anyone directly authorised by him other than the tenant in occupation, is not within the reach of the section.—B. E. B. L.

[We submitted this letter to Mr. Willis-Bund, who has replied as follows: "Your correspondent is right as to spring-traps. The statement is too wide, although, as the Lord Chief Justice admitted in the case this year, it had the authority of the late Lord Justice Smith in its favour. It should now be limited to the tenant and all persons who acquire the right through him. Killing hares by night by firearm by anyone is illegal under another statute, as is also illegally killing hares and rabbits by night. The use of poison is also illegal under other Acts."—ED.]

### TO ALL LOVERS OF THE OLD BALLAD, "THE BABES IN THE WOOD."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Many of the readers of COUNTRY LIFE have enjoyed their Christmas pantomime, "The Babes in the Wood," while others will enjoy it this coming Christmas season, and others again enjoy the old ballad for itself. They have all possibly regarded it as mere folk-lore and not as a real story of country life. We in Norfolk regard it as founded on fact, which I have set forth in a work recently published by Messrs. Jarrold. Take the opening stanza of the ballad:

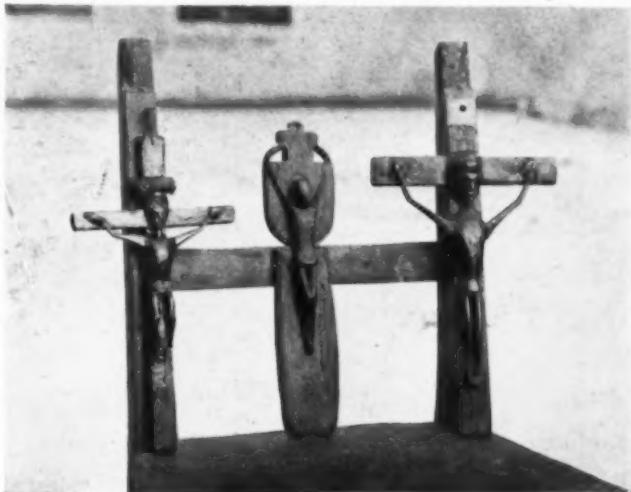
A gentleman of good account  
In Norfolk lived of late,  
Whose wealth and riches did surmount  
Most men of his estate.

Is there any reason to doubt the writer's word that he is writing of events which occurred in Norfolk "of late"? The story was first published by Thomas Millington of Norwich on October 15th, 1595, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, under the title, "The Norfolk Gent: His Will and Testament, and howe he commytted the keeping of his children to his owne brother, whoe delt most wickedly with them and howe God plagued him for it." Now, what have we in Norfolk to confirm the story? Within view of my rectory is an old manor house which from time immemorial has been known as the Wicked Uncle's House, and which, within the knowledge of several people still living, once contained carved woodwork of the Babes, the Robins, and the Uncle. It is now a farmhouse. Adjoining is the Wayland Wood, corrupted into "Wailing," the reputed scene of the tragedy. Moreover, there is an incident in the family history of the de Grey family of Merton Hall, in Elizabeth's reign, which, taking into account the poetical licence of the ballad writer, may have been the foundation of the story. One mile distant is the old collegiate church of Tompson, fast falling into decay. It is one of the three collegiate churches of East Anglia founded in 1349, and probably served as the cathedral church of the district, with a master or rector and six chaplains. It became a rich foundation, but at the Dissolution was stripped of everything, save a stipend of twenty pounds per annum to be paid by the lay Impropriator. For years no one could be found to act as incum-bent; but recently I have taken over the parish to work with my own. The old church is in sad decay, the rain pours through the thatched roof, the green damp clings to moulder walls which the chaplain's misericord seats still adorn. The church is built on grand lines, has a beautiful screen (fourteenth century), a wealth of old oak benches and other relics of the past. Within the last few days I have discovered fresco painting beneath the whitewash. I would appeal to all lovers of the old ballad, and of the days that are past, for the funds necessary to preserve (not restore in the modern sense) this collegiate church, and I can assure the readers of COUNTRY LIFE that this will be adhered to in every particular. From estimates received from several quarters, at least one thousand six hundred pounds would be required. The inhabitants of the parish number three hundred, a few small farmers and their labourers. Yet this ruined church is their House of God, which can be made a noble one if we can get outside help. The Bishop of Norwich writes: "I would rejoice to hear that antiquarians and others interested in bygone days of England would unite in the preservation of the very fine church of Tompson, which I have personally visited." The antiquarians of Norfolk, headed by Lord Walsingham, H.H. Prince Frederick Duleep Singh, Archdeacon Pelham, Dr. Jessopp, H. Lee-Warner, Charles B. Hanbury, and Edmund Farrer, say: "This scheme for the preservation of the interesting old collegiate church of Tompson has our hearty approval, and we strongly commend it to all antiquarians and lovers of the delightful old ballad." What more need I say but this—that if the funds are forthcoming I mean to restore it in memory of the Babes, whoever they were, simply out of gratitude for the dear old ballad which has delighted our childhood's days. I feel sure I shall not appeal in vain to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE, who are always ready to listen to the needs of to-day, especially when coupled with the story of the days that are past.—CHARLES KENT, Rector of Merton, author of "The Land of the Babes in the Wood."

## IRISH PENAL CROSSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—All the crosses in the accompanying illustration are Irish, made by Irish hands from the commonest material—wood. The wood varies in different cases—alder, yew, beech, sallagh, chestnut, sycamore and two known specimens of mahogany. In size they vary from eleven inches to two or two and a-half inches. They have no artistic value, yet, cut and hewn by stealth, and at the risk of life



IRISH CROSSES CUT BY STEALTH.

and liberty, they possess from their associations a value high above mere intrinsic worth. Most of them have the emblems of the sacred passion carved upon them—the ladder, the scourge, the spear, the thongs, the nails, the pincers, the staves, the hammer. It is peculiar that some are dated. The centre one in the photograph is the most valuable. On its reverse face it bears the date 1748, "IHS" and other inscriptions. As a rule such crosses were worn suspended from rosaries, or from the girdle, or round the neck, carefully concealed in the clothing.—LEWY P. GLEESON.

## THE NOMENCLATURE OF RATS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to my pictures of the various kinds of rats found in this country, which were reproduced in your issue of the 12th inst. to illustrate the letterpress of an excellent article by Professor Simpson, it may be of interest to some of your readers to know the origin of my models. Some ten years ago, in company with Mr. H. C. Brooke, to whom the credit of first distinguishing between *Mus rattus rattus* and *M. rattus ater* (so far as the fauna of the British Isles is concerned) is certainly due, as well as the first identification in this country of *M. rattus alexandrinus*—I use the nomenclature which you have adopted—I investigated the distribution of rats in North-West Kent. It was well known to us that black rats had existed for a long time previously in Woolwich Arsenal—indeed, while living there in 1888, I had been informed by one of the oldest employees of the carriage department that they (black rats) had "troubled him ever since he could remember"—but we were hardly prepared to find a flourishing colony of *M. rattus rattus*, *M. rattus ater* and *M. rattus alexandrinus* so far outside the Arsenal gates as Welling. It was from this locality that most of my models came, and it was from experiments with individuals obtained from this locality that I satisfied myself that *M. rattus rattus* and *M. rattus ater* interbred with each other but would not interbreed with *M. decumanus*. Does were very scarce in this colony; indeed, I never procured a doe of *M. rattus alexandrinus* at all. I may, perhaps, be permitted to renew here a suggestion which I advanced two years ago, that it is desirable to confine the term "rat" to *M. decumanus* and to call examples of the smaller, larger-eared and longer-tailed species "rattons." Professional naturalists have insisted, in the face of much preliminary confusion, on the exclusive use, in scientific writings, of the oldest scientific names of animals. The result of this is that many scientific names are not only inaccurate, but positively misleading to those whose old-fashioned education has included the classics. It is to be hoped that sooner or later a new Adam will be found who will devote himself to naming all animals afresh, and that, if it is found convenient to employ a classical tongue, the new Adam will be a classical scholar. Meanwhile, we have to put up with a system which at least has the advantage of being logical, and I would submit that the arguments in favour of this system apply with equal force to a system of popular nomenclature. Water-rat and meadow-mouse should be used instead of water-vole and field-vole, and "rattton" should be used for *M. rattus rattus*, *M. rattus alexandrinus* and the like, not because "rattton" happens to be the diminutive of rat in modern French, but because the original term (? the old High German *rato*) from which rat (English), ratton (Scotch), ratte (German), rato (Spanish), and ratto (Italian) are derived was undoubtedly dissyllabic. The more modern term "rat" should be reserved for the burler and, so far as Europe is concerned, more modern species, *M. decumanus*, and black rat for the melanic variety of *M. decumanus*.—DOUGLAS ENGLISH.

## HOW CAN RATS BE EXTERMINATED?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is quite useless for one or two farmers in a parish or district to pay for the extermination of rats if their neighbours do not follow suit. It is equally useless for farmers to combine in killing down these rodents unless all game-preservers do likewise. Gamekeepers, in their zeal, trap and destroy weasels, stoats, hawks and even owls. These are the natural enemies of the rat tribe, and the destruction of the former upsets the balance of Nature and enables the latter to increase more rapidly. As a rule, the more strict the preservation of game, the more rats abound. This is not solely due to the destruction of the small beasts and birds that prey on rats and mice. The chief reason, I think, why rats are so numerous on game-preserves is because of the feeding of pheasants in the coverts. This is quite a necessary proceeding, as it not only prevents these birds from straying, but it stops them, to a great extent, from damaging the crops in the vicinity of woods. This maize and other corn which is strewn about as pheasant food attracts swarms of rats into the coverts, and once they are there it is almost impossible to destroy them. In the spring, when the feeding of pheasants is, to a great extent, discontinued, and when the acorns, beech-mast and other natural food are exhausted, then the rats desert the woods and plantations and spread over the adjoining farms and take up their habitation in the hedgerows. If gamekeepers would only acknowledge it, rats, especially those in hedgerows, destroy a large amount of pheasants' and partridges' eggs every season, and it is quite as important from a game-preserved's point of view as it is from that of an agriculturist that rats should be exterminated. Everyone knows how keepers love to make a show of putrefying weasels, stoats, hedgehogs, etc., but one seldom finds a rat included in these gruesome exhibitions. If rats are to be wiped out, not only must agriculturists and game-preservers, but also everyone who occupies land or buildings, be compelled to aid in their destruction. The formation of rat clubs in one or two adjoining parishes will, in my opinion, be of little use. For the last twenty years I have paid the farm labourers on a certain home farm one penny for every rat killed by them. For the last ten years, I believe, every farmer in the parish has done likewise, and yet, for the year ending Michaelmas, 1910, I paid for over two thousand five hundred rats, and quite another one thousand of these destructive brutes must have been done away with otherwise than by the labourers on this nine hundred acres of land. I have not been able to ascertain the exact number killed on other farms, or by the keepers on the estate, but I should think over seven thousand to eight thousand rats must have met an untimely end last year, in a parish of about two thousand five hundred acres. Since Michaelmas last over five hundred rats have been paid for on this home farm. This is after twenty years, during which time nearly two hundred pounds must have been paid to the labourers alone for their attempts to rid the place of these vermin. I think every county council in East Anglia ought to take the matter up. Now is the time, while the plague scare is on. Why should not each of these county councils make a Rat Rate of twopence per acre on all land in the county? each parish council to be made responsible for payment of this rate, which should fall due twelve months hence. Every rat, however, that is killed in the parish and is brought to the overseers, village constable, or some other official who may be appointed shall be valued for the purpose of this rate at one penny, the rate being payable in rats or money. Only in the event of any parish failing to account for less than two rats per acre would it be called upon to hand over any money to the county council. Any surplus quantity of rats killed in a parish in any one year could be carried forward to the credit of that parish's account for the next year. Every parish council to fix the quantity of rats or cash that each occupier must contribute to the parish fund. There is nothing new in this idea of a parish rate for the destruction of vermin, as the following extracts from the churchwardens' book of my parish will show:

1760. April ye 29. paid Thos. Smith for three hedgehogs ..	1. 0
May ye 3 paid Thos. Cornell for Polcatt ..	4
1819 Aug 7 To G Maine for Sparrows and eggs ..	12. 9
Sparrows were paid for up to 1853 out of the Churchwardens' Rate.—F. W. WEBB.	

## THREE CALVES AT A BIRTH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—An unusual event has taken place on White Rock Farm, situated not far from Torquay, in the giving birth of a cow to three calves, which, with the mother, are in remarkably good health, a very rare circumstance. Last year the same cow gave birth to two, thus making herself very valuable to her owner,



W. S. Berridge.

THE BROWN RAT (MUS DECUUMANUS).

Copyright

Mr. Waycott. Good milker as is the cow, the assistance of another cow on the farm has been requisitioned, to whom one of the calves has been allotted at feeding-time. Both foster-mother and calf have taken kindly to each other.—F. B.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

[To THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—It is almost time that at least one of the charming and skilfully-constructed wooden bridges with which our ancestors spanned so many rivers was removed to a museum to serve as an example of an extinct species, for they are rapidly being replaced by wholly "up-to-date" structures. Such "improvements" the Hants County Council have recently had in hand on the Test. In Timsbury parish, which lies a little north of Romsey, were two excellently designed, though undoubtedly decayed, wooden bridges. The one which carried the main road over the river gave way to a reinforced concrete successor a short while ago. That was, perhaps, inevitable, but there were those who hoped that the old example a few hundred yards higher up the stream serving a subsidiary lane might have been repaired and retained. And surely that hope will be shared by those who see the photograph of it that I send you. Alas! it is now too late for hope, and the original of the picture may have ceased to be, even before these lines are in print. Just above it, the fellow to the concrete affair lower down has been thrown across the Test, and a very expensive stretch of new road has been made to serve as its approaches. Of this also I send you a view, and perhaps the ratepayers who have to pay the bill will like copies for framing as a permanent reminder of what aesthetic heights an advanced civilisation can reach! I am not at all against reinforced concrete. I recognise its hardness and efficiency. I am equally aware of its adaptability—of its ready assumption of any form, texture and tone which may be desired. Cannot, then, capable designers seriously turn their attention to the subject, and give us bridges made of it, and yet emulating, if not actually reaching, the fine lines of the bridges of old? Much of the charm of the condemned wooden bridge lies in its rise towards the centre. The curve thus given is sufficient to stamp a certain grace and distinction upon the general appearance, and yet it is so slight that it does not produce a gradient objectionable to any form of traffic. Moreover, it gives adequate space between water-level and bridge in the centre of the stream without requiring any costly raising of the roadway at each end. Why, then, need many thousand tons of gravel have been brought to the new road when the only object to be attained thereby was the quite unnecessary and extremely ugly straightness and squatness which are the salient qualities of the new bridge? The curve of the old bridge is perfectly sympathetic with



THE OLD BRIDGE OVER THE TEST.

its picturesque environment—with the windings of the river, the undulations of the land, the outlines of the trees. To all this the new bridge is hostile. It shrieks aloud its strident discord, the badness of its main line being accentuated by the meanness of the single central pier, the harshness of the iron rail and the clumsiness of the posts and consoles that give it stability. No wonder, then, that all haste is to be made to tear down the old bridge now that the new one is open to traffic. So long as it remained close by, it was a reproach potent enough to prick painfully the aesthetic conscience of a county authority.—H. AVRAY TIPPING.



THE NEW IRON BRIDGE.

THE LARDER AT COLDICOTE.

[To THE EDITOR.]

SIR.—I always look with much interest at the drawings and plans in COUNTRY LIFE of Lesser Country Houses, and I am surprised to see in the issue for October 22nd that no remark is made about what seems to me to be the very bad position given at Coldicote, Moreton-in-the-Marsh, to the larder. It appears to be next to the w.c., facing the engine-house on one side and the stables on the other! Surely this cannot be right?—M. F. B.

[Careful study of the plan should relieve our correspondent's apprehensions. In the centre of the kitchen offices wing is a nine-inch wall running north and south. In it a doorway leads to a storage-room, and from that again opens the w.c., with its window facing south-west. On the other side of this nine-inch wall is a lobby which gives access to the larder, the windows of which face north-east. On the north-west there are no windows at all, so it does not appear that there is any valid objection to the plan.—ED.]

CANADIAN SALMON JUMPING.

[To THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—I enclose you a snap-shot of salmon jumping over the dam (about twenty-two feet in height) at St. John River, a tributary of the Saguenay. I hope they may be of some use in COUNTRY LIFE.—F. W. A.

"A LITTLE JERSEY FOLK-LORE."

[To THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—Folk-lore of this kind is no doubt still extant in many places in the United Kingdom. I can remember that some of the Derbyshire folk fully believed in evil coming from the shrew, or shrew-mouse as the creature was called—that if by chance it got into a cow's mouth when cropping grass, her milk would dry up, or that she would slip her calf. The hedgehog was believed to scuttle from the cows as they lay in the fields at night; but the animal was "a treat" when roasted in its prickles, and the gipsies used it largely as food, and when roasted by them in a hot wood fire—the animal enclosed in clay—the skin came off with the clay and left a dish "fit for a king." Dogs biting anyone had to be killed, otherwise the person bitten would go mad "some time." The green lizard was obnoxious to many, for "it could poison if it liked," and if it got into a person's inside, it would live there until the person wasted away. Few would stoop to drink with the mouth at one of the many wayside wells, for fear that a water-newt might jump down their throat—they mostly lapped from the hand.—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.



SALMON JUMPING OVER A DAM.